

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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29 August 1931

Price Sixpence  
[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER]

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**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**—The Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher. The paper is dispatched in time to reach Subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE National Government is, in fact and not merely in name, the King's Government. His Majesty's sudden return from Balmoral last Sunday was more than a dramatic gesture; it was the effective lever which overcame, at least for the time, party loyalties and party reluctances that might otherwise have proved resistant to ordinary argument. The King's action was decisive, and the nation owes him thanks for his speed and strength, when others were dubious and dilatory.

Did the King, one wonders, remember his august grandmother's preference for coalition over party government? In the Crimean War, and again in the 'eighties, Queen Victoria protested bitterly against parties, and strove might and main to bring about a National or Centre Govern-

ment. The fact that she failed, whereas George V succeeded, may inspire a future Hallam to some curious reflections.

The trouble about the National Government is that, miracles apart, it cannot last. It is central, in the sense that it omits both Lord Lloyd and Lord Irwin—who was commonly reported to have Mr. Baldwin's promise of the reversion of the Foreign Office—but a Cabinet that includes Lord Amulree and omits Mr. Clynes, that includes Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister and omits Lord Hailsham, that includes Sir Donald Maclean and omits Sir John Simon, cannot by any stretch of the imagination be described as "All the Talents."

If it is true that big men have sometimes ruined great countries, one may hope that the converse is true, and that little men may save a great country. But the truth is that Mr. MacDonald is a tired man, Mr. Snowden a sick man who is dogmatic

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without strength, Mr. Baldwin an easy-going man, while Lord Reading, the strongest of the team—with the possible exception of Mr. Neville Chamberlain—is at the Foreign Office, the most laborious of the departments, and can in the nature of things have little time for general counsel. The rest may be described in cricketing parlance as “the tail.”

Nevertheless, one hopes for the best; and I incline to the belief that England, as usual, will save herself, and that her politicians, as usual, will get the credit for getting her out of the mess, which, as usual, they have got her into. These personal points do not matter very much; the real ground for optimism is that at last a period has been put to the policy, or impolicy, of drift and extravagance, and that the nation has woken up to the facts.

An immediate increase of income-tax to five shillings, a shilling on to the surtax, and 10 per cent. flat rate on all estate duties is the share of national sacrifice by the professional man or rentier forecast by one ex-Chancellor to me. We shall see. Perhaps a National Government has ways and means denied to Socialist spendthrifts. Incidentally it is reported that the recent negotiations over a loan to Germany between France, the United States and ourselves broke down on account of France's offer to contribute—but only in proportion to her post-war investments there. And since these have been but 5 per cent. against America's 60 per cent., the solution did not appeal to the majority stock-holders.

Rather earlier than some others, I detected a new policy in Whitehall, that of State economy at the expense of local authorities over new unemployment relief work. Before leaving office Messrs. Morrison and Greenwood were leading stars in this novel crusade. But now all over the country lesser local councils are cutting off surplus clerks and leaving vacant offices vacant. One such in North Hampshire, for instance, has so reduced its salary-charges in the office, without loss of efficiency after three months' trial, by £285 out of £1,100 a year—a splendid example.

How necessary economy is, and how greatly the open hand has been abused, may be judged from one small but significant instance. There exists what is called a Standing Committee on Co-operation and Credits which was empowered to advance loans to approved borrowers free of interest for two, or in some cases for five years. In one case a society, with the sanction of the Committee, borrowed an amount free of interest for two years, and invested the money in War Loan. At the end of two years it repaid the capital to the Government, and pocketed the interest.

If this sort of thing were to go on, some of us would seriously consider turning ourselves into a co-operative society, applying for a loan to the Board of Agriculture on the strength of a derelict kitchen garden, and using the interest from a little flutter in War Loan for resuming that summer holiday which has been so scandalously inter-

rupted this month by the political crisis. These things were done in the green tree; they are not likely to be done in the dry.

The Spanish Republic is clearly making very heavy weather, and it is by no means certain that it will be able to withstand the attacks both of the Catholics and of the Communists. Incidentally, its attitude towards the Basques shows what a hollow mockery its democratic professions really are. The Catalans are allowed their autonomy, but the Basques are to be dragooned.

The Basque Provinces are the La Vendée of Spain, and they are, moreover, peopled by a race that does not easily give way. Furthermore, the ordinary Spanish conscript is not a very formidable fellow in a fight, whereas the Basques are first-class soldiers, and in a conflict with the Republic they would be engaged in what to them would be a crusade. In these circumstances, I doubt whether they are likely to be overawed by the presence of a few brigades of troops in their midst.

Any outbreak in the North would at once be turned to account by the Communists elsewhere, and between the two Madrid would be in a by no means happy position. The truth, of course, is that the Radical-Socialist coalition is ruining Spain in exactly the same way that such a combination always ruins any country, and the tragedy is that before it is swept from power it will have undone all the good that was effected by General Primo de Rivera. It is, indeed, a melancholy prospect, and the only satisfactory aspect of the position is that there is, fortunately, very little British capital in the country.

A legal correspondent writes: “The outburst of a former Borstal boy in the dock this week, that eight out of ten lads discharged from Borstal go straight on to a life of crime, and that numbers are to be met at Dartmoor itself, comes as a general shock. This lad went on to declare, rather curiously, that he has only picked up there a wrinkle or two from companions in crime, as nothing useful in life is taught. Now Borstal is a scientific attempt to train boys of 16-21, in conditions rendered very unlike prison life, to a practical trade. Unpleasant cases ought to be excluded and until lately have been.

“The occasion of a second or third offence is usually chosen for this experiment. A minimum sentence of three years is mostly preferred by experienced judges; and the principle of remission of sentence in favour of conduct of leave is freely utilized. But quite definitely the Borstal system is most influentially supported and held out as a real cure. It is hard to say that it does not cure when after a lapse of ten years lads are found to retake to a life of crime. It has delayed return at any rate. Yet an experienced Recorder holds the view that the system is in essence a failure in purpose. He condemns the society as a thieves' kitchen.



And his query is unanswerable. If Borstal is the success claimed, why do so many lads seek to break out and escape?"

\* \* \*

The incident which marred the match between the champions and Surrey, that finished at the Oval last Tuesday, is without precedent. Mr. Fender, not having inspected the wicket before the Yorkshire innings started, decided after three overs that it was unfit for play. Mr. Greenwood thought that the innings having been begun, it should not be interrupted. Mr. Fender then appealed to the umpires, who promptly removed the bails, and the players walked into the pavilion. This roused the crowd and eventually, when the umpires came out to make a further inspection, one of them was assaulted. This is livelier cricket with a vengeance, but hardly the kind which the champions foresaw when they initiated the movement.

Mr. P. F. Warner raises the point whether Mr. Greenwood had any right to order the heavy roller to be put on the wicket before the game had started, but under the rules there can surely be no doubt that he was justified. The trouble would not have arisen if Mr. Fender had inspected the pitch and appealed to the umpires before he took his men into the field.

From a New Zealand source I have heard the other side of the apparent refusal, much criticized at the time, of Mr. Jardine, the captain of the English team in the Manchester Test match, to declare late on the third day, whereby Mr. Lowry's New Zealanders could have had a chance to bat. Rain spoilt two days completely, and the earlier part of the third. But contrary to the published view, it appears that, on Mr. Lowry winning the toss and deciding to field, he was deliberately asked by Mr. Jardine in a friendly way, in view of the possible run of the play, whether he would care to have an hour's batting in the evening. Perhaps, not liking to put hard-wicket batsmen in on a crumbling wicket, this offer was at once declined.

\* \* \*

The racing economies made by Lords Derby and Lonsdale prompt enquiry into the financial side of the sport. As a general rule, a race-horse costs five guineas a week to feed and train: entrance fees may run into hundreds a year with forfeits. On the other hand its worth if a stallion is perhaps £10,000 for twelve years: and a high-class stud may be assessed for death-duties at perhaps a million. These figures show that racing is an industry as much as a royal road to ruin. You take your choice! Lord Glanely gives it as £100,000 to win the Derby; Mr. George Edwardes attributed a financial crash to "Fast women and slow horses." (He did not say if the cost was fifty-fifty.)

\* \* \*

Is the game worth the candle, so far as the race for the Schneider Cup is concerned? Money, even in these hard times, the French, the Italians, and ourselves can spare for the contest, but the toll of lives is frankly alarming, and it is the best men who get killed. Such being the case, I am not

surprised that there is a widespread hope, both in Paris and Rome, that Great Britain will win this year for the third time in succession, and that the race will then be abandoned for the future.

\* \* \*

It is a sad business that the grave of Mr. T. P. O'Connor should still be unmarked by any memorial. After his death, when honour had been paid to him as "The Father of the House of Commons," a fund was raised and trustees were appointed. The sum was not large, only a few hundred pounds. From that time nothing has been done because the trustees are of two minds as to how the money should be spent. So the subscriptions remain in the bank and "T.P." is forgotten. This is a sorry reflection on political popularity.

\* \* \*

Memorial tablets in old churches are a pet hobby of mine, as no doubt of many other people, for the light they throw on local and general history. They are generally well kept, presumably under the orders of the incumbent, who has a proper care for the dignity and order of the house of God, but what applies to the church does not seem to apply to the churchyard, which is often unkempt and neglected.

In motoring about the country I have noticed that many a well-kept church has an ill-kept churchyard; and a correspondent has sent me details of a case in point. Happening to notice a neglected tomb, almost covered by branches and grasses, he was curious to ascertain the name, and found, to his astonishment, it was that of the widow of Charles James Fox. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, of course; but surely a little care could at least have been given to keeping the stone tidy.

\* \* \*

Who shall decide when astrologers disagree? An interesting feature of the *Sunday Dispatch* is an astrological column, in which business men are informed that, say, Monday of the coming week is propitious for a deal, the anxious young lover is told that Tuesday is a fortunate day for proposing to brunettes, whereas Wednesday only finds blondes in a receptive mood; while expectant parents are instructed that children born on Thursdays may aspire to be statesmen, company promoters, big-game hunters, and he-men generally, whereas if they arrive on Fridays they cannot expect to be more than mere authors, musicians, and painters.

Unluckily for the thousands who read these prophecies with amazement and awe, the *Sunday Express* has a rival column which does not always agree. There Monday is simply disastrous for business, Tuesday for brunettes, and Wednesday for blondes; while Thursday's child, so far from being a prosperous company promoter, is a hard-working and affectionate little girl. It is all very difficult; perhaps different stars exert different pulls on opposite sides of Fleet Street.

## THE NEW GOVERNMENT

A WEEK ago we remarked that "if Great Britain is to regain her solvency, she must first of all turn out her Government," and we rejoice that in the interval this inevitable preliminary step has been taken. The nightmare of a spendthrift Socialist administration is at an end, and though the country has now to count the cost of the experiment, the cause of its troubles has been removed.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, about whom we said some hard things in our last issue, has, somewhat unexpectedly it is true, proved himself a patriot at this crisis of his career, and to him, to Mr. Snowden, and to their Socialist colleagues in the new Cabinet, there is due that tribute which must always be paid to those who in the hour of danger are prepared to sacrifice their own prospects for what they believe to be right. For the rest, Mr. Baldwin and Sir Herbert Samuel have played their part manfully, though there can be no shadow of doubt that by far the greatest credit of all must go to His Majesty the King, who has shown that he knows when to take the initiative, and has acted in a manner worthy of the most distinguished of his predecessors.

Our readers are well aware that we are not enamoured of a National Government, but the way in which the crisis developed left no practical alternative. At the same time, it is obvious that the new Government is not national in the sense which it was hoped it would prove to be, and it is, in reality, a Conservative-Liberal coalition with a few Socialist members. It should be able to depend, at least for a time, on a majority of seventy or eighty in the House of Commons, which will doubtless be sufficient for its purpose, but it is extremely unlikely that the Prime Minister will be able to rally more than a handful of his old supporters to his standard, and the vast bulk of them will follow Mr. Henderson, who has probably not forgotten that he was kept "on the mat" in a previous coalition, and is presumably taking no chances of a repetition of that catastrophe.

Before Great Britain can again look her neighbours in the face, there are, as we see it, two essential tasks to be accomplished: the first is to balance the Budget, the second is to initiate a revival of prosperity. The former comes within the province and the ability of the National Government, and its performance is dependent almost entirely on a reduction in expenditure; for the accomplishment of the latter, the imposition of a Protective tariff is imperative, and this clearly cannot be done by a Cabinet which contains Mr. Snowden and the leaders of the Liberal Party, who are too deeply pledged to Free Trade to revoke.

There can, therefore, be no fear of the present administration continuing in office any longer than is necessary for the balancing of the Budget, and that for this simple reason—once this has been done there is no other course upon which its members could unanimously agree. Nevertheless, it may well be that this Herculean task will occupy more time than is commonly supposed, and we should not be particularly surprised if the General

Election were to be postponed until the end of November, or even until early next year.

It would be idle to pretend that the formation of the new Cabinet marks the end of the crisis, for everything goes to show that this country is entering upon as disturbed a period as any in her long history as a nation. The Socialist Parties, under Messrs. Henderson and Maxton, will leave no stone unturned to bring the Government down, and if the latter is to survive, it will require active support from every patriotic citizen. Those who follow Mr. Henderson will adopt a position far further to the Left than Socialism in these islands has yet taken, and we shall not be surprised if resort is again had to "direct action"; indeed, another General Strike is, in our opinion, by no means beyond the bounds of possibility. Within a few days we shall know how much support Ministers can depend upon in Parliament, but until a General Election has been held, and an anti-Socialist majority of no uncertain size has been returned, it would be premature to say that we are out of the wood.

In the meantime, the need for economy on the one hand, and for tariffs on the other, must be impressed upon the electorate in season and out of season, for the masses have so long been taught to regard British wealth and British credit as inexhaustible that it will be by no means an easy task to instil into them the need for sacrifices all round.

Yet, when all is said and done, Conservatives should be able to face the future, if not with equanimity, at any rate with clear consciences. The plight to which Great Britain has been reduced, the plight of going cap in hand to Paris and New York to beg for a loan, and of being told to put her house in order first, is due solely to the late Socialist Government and the reckless expenditure for which it was responsible. In these circumstances we trust that the Conservative leaders will realize that salvation lies in dissociation from Socialism and all its ways, and that victory will only be won by the bold advocacy of something very different from its policy of expenditure at home and defeatism abroad. "Safety First," Tory Socialism, and the patent medicines of Lord Irwin in India and of Lord Wolmer in approving the Socialist agricultural policy at home have been tried and found wanting, and the time has come to get back to the first principles of Conservatism. Lord Salisbury once declared that "the commonest error in politics is sticking to the carcasses of dead policies," and the observation is as just to-day as ever it was. The breathing-space which the National Government will provide gives us time to abandon the *dolce far niente* attitude of the last Conservative administration, and to formulate a vigorous policy of national reconstruction along Tory lines.

The Conservative Party is undivided, and it has nothing with which to reproach itself: it has the opportunity of a century before it if it will only use it properly, and be true to its traditions.



## A NEW PROGRAMME

NOW that the Socialist Government has gone, it remains for the new Government to ward off the threat of bankruptcy. It must prove an unpopular task, because it will involve heavy sacrifices by those who have been deluded into the belief that this is a land running with milk and honey in which 3,000,000 idle workers can go on living indefinitely in complete comfort, even though the Treasury be empty, trade and commerce depressed, and the financial strength of the banks strained to the uttermost. Salvation lies in a policy of peace, retrenchment and reform. It is the old remedy for the old ills, ills never so grave in their consequences as to-day. This policy must be enforced without fear or favour. It must be applied to national and local administration as well as to the conduct of every factory and workshop and office, and not least to the rail and road transport services. The Rake, in his heedless progress, has met with the inevitable Nemesis, and, unless he mends his ways, he will assuredly starve. This country exists mainly on imported food and requires enormous quantities of raw materials for manufacture from overseas. Those imports must be paid for by exports of goods and services; any falling off in these must lead to a weakening of credit, a rising of prices, and eventually starvation.

It is necessary not only to balance the Budget, but to balance the National Trading account and to balance wages against the cost of living. It is now a commonplace that in the absence of reform, the country would be faced with a deficit on the Budget of £120,000,000. That is the price of extravagance over a long series of years. In the closing year of last century, 1898-99, the national expenditure was £108,000,000, and economists protested that it should be cut down. The South African War and the Great War cost the country many millions, but those sums only partially explain the rise to £885,000,000 in the current financial year, an increase much more than eightfold. The explanation is to be found in an undisguised system of bribery by means of the so-called social services. The outlay upon these at the turn of this century was £36,000,000; now we are spending approximately £365,000,000, or £1,000,000 a day. The charges of the National Debt can be brought down, economies can be practised in the offices of the State as well as in those of the local authorities, but the main source of savings must be in the social services. Does it involve undue sacrifices if the dole, health, insurance payments, policemen's pay and teachers' salaries are reduced? The purchasing value of 22s. in 1921 is now 30s., and in so far as cuts have not been made in intervening years, the standard of living in this country has been unquestionably raised. If the axe is wielded justly now, no one need be any worse off than he was ten years ago, and the Budget can be made to balance.

But the trading Budget must be made to balance and if possible there must be a credit to be invested abroad so as to support our prestige in foreign markets. Last year the

adverse balance between the sum we obtained from our exports and the sum we paid for imports rose to £392,000,000 compared with £366,000,000 in 1929. Our receipts from "invisible" exports—shipping, overseas investments, short-term banking, insurance and other commissions—declined from £504,000,000 to £431,000,000. It will thus be seen that our credit balance on the year was reduced from £138,000,000 to £39,000,000. Shipping income fell by £25,000,000, income from overseas investments by £35,000,000, and receipts from banking and commissions by £10,000,000. There was also a small decline of £3,000,000 in Government receipts from overseas. This trading account must be balanced, and a balanced Budget, if it does not involve fresh taxation, will assist to that end, as manufacturers and traders will know where they stand and will regain confidence.

But neither of these measures will be adequate unless it is accompanied by a readjustment of wages, especially in the non-productive trades, to the increased purchasing power of the sovereign. Wages are being paid week by week which have not been earned. The cost of production in this country has thus been raised, while, on the other hand, owing to the fall in the price of silver, the buying capacity of upwards of half the world's population, living in India, China and elsewhere, has been tragically reduced owing to a mistaken monetary policy. There is a gap of 57 points which must be bridged. It can be done only by readjusting wages. When the process has been completed the workers generally will be better off, considerably better off than they were before the war.

As industry and commerce react to this policy of threefold economy, more and more men and women will be absorbed in the factories, workshops and offices, with reasonable pay, the cost of production will go down, exports will rise, and thus more workers will be required. The vicious circle of past years will be brought to an end and a new circle of increasing prosperity will replace it. Nothing succeeds like success. Our fortune lies in a policy of peace, retrenchment and reform in national, local, industrial and commercial affairs. Once the ball has been set rolling the surprise will be that we did not act before in the only way that can offer us escape from the troubles which now afflict us.

It is a matter of sober and statistical fact that the gap between the two has been diminishing steadily for some years past; and in June last, for the first time for a century and more, the national expenditure definitely exceeded, in the calculations of trained economists, the national income. The writing on the wall, of which Mr. Snowden gave warning in his famous economy threat last winter, was ignored for some time longer, both by Mr. Snowden and the Government of which he was a member; but after the first of August this year, when the newspapers announced a credit by the Bank of France to the Bank of England, the threat not merely to our prosperity but to our continued existence, could no longer be disregarded.

## THE THEORY BEHIND RATIONALIZATION—I

**T**O-DAY rationalization is our slogan. Once upon a time Mesopotamia was that blessed word; and so back by stages, the power of words increasing at each, to primitive man, who hesitated to utter his own name aloud lest others, learning it and using it, should become his masters. We, however, since we are not altogether primitive, are aware that—except, of course, at election times—there is no compelling magic in mere names. Words, we know, are nothing; the meaning that they carry with them is everything; and when we glibly talk of industrial rationalization, we imply some sort of policy. What is it?

Rationalization is our term for the proper method of dealing with surpluses in peace time; control was our term for the proper method of dealing with shortages in war time; and the principle of control was laid down by Lord Rhondda, in the famous speech which he delivered a month after he had taken office. It was his intention, he declared, to fix the price of every article the supplies of which were in his hands. The declaration of policy was already the fruit of experience. It had been proved that a relatively small shortage of supply would cause a wholly disproportionate rise in price. It had also been proved that it was futile to fix retail prices. The wholesalers simply refused to enter into transactions which might, and probably would, involve them in a loss. It followed that the prices at which they bought must also be fixed, and so the chain of control was continued right back to the producer, who would retire from business unless he was assured of a fair profit. This was the foundation of the elaborate system of costings which the Ministries of Food and Munitions gradually perfected.

Two further discoveries were made as time went on.

The first was that, to be effective, control both of buyers and sellers must be world-wide—a principle limited by the fact, of great practical but no theoretical importance, that parts of the world were either in enemy occupation or were made inaccessible by his forces. It was in deference to this principle that the Allies ceased to compete in buying, so that eventually the Wheat Commission fed half the world. It was also in deference to this principle that the American Government commandeered at fixed prices the produce of its own citizens as soon as the United States entered the war.

The second discovery was that the control of any article involved control of all possible substitutes for it, even if their supply was apparently normal. If, for example, Britain had been self-supporting in the matter of beef but found herself rationed for imported mutton, a shortage of beef would be created by the increased demand, unless it was rationed also.

Such being the technique by which it proved possible to minimize the inconveniences of a shortage, how far can it be applied conversely to a glut? So far as prices are concerned, the parallel is exact. Just as a shortage causes a disproportionate rise, so a glut causes a disproportionate fall. But when prices rise it is buyers or consumers who find themselves compelled to amalgamate to regularize demand, whereas when prices fall it is sellers or producers who have to take concerted measures to regularize supply. At this point, however, the parallel begins to break down.

In the case of a shortage it is clear that control must be carried right up to the producer. It does not follow that in the case of a glut, control must be carried right down to the retailer. If supply is once adjusted to demand at the source, the ordinary competition among middlemen is likely to maintain the equilibrium. Only at the initial stage of control, when

there are large accumulations of stocks at every link in the chain, from producer to consumer, is any thorough-going scheme of trustification likely to be necessary, and then only for a limited time. There are accumulated stocks now, and that is why rationalization schemes are generally planned for a term of years, exactly as controls were planned for the duration of the war. This, however, is an accidental parallel and will not endure.

It follows that the control of gluts will not involve the elaborate costings—structures erected to deal with shortages. Nevertheless, gluts involve costings problems of their own. Tin, for example, is mined in Nigeria, Bolivia and Malaya. If output is to be restricted, all the mines must slow down. But if, for the sake of argument, tin is produced more cheaply in Nigeria than in Bolivia, will not the capital engaged in the Bolivian mines seek to transfer itself to the underworked Nigerian mines, where it can obtain a greater profit? Or, again, the difference in the costs of sugar production are notorious. How, then, will it be possible to restrict production in Java, where costs are low, without extinguishing it altogether in Czechoslovakia, where costs are relatively high? The answer is: Only by the assignment of definite quotas to each separate producing area—a problem of such immense practical difficulty that in industry after industry rationalization has been either obstructed or prevented by the failure to solve it.

Two further conclusions follow. The first is that rationalization must be world-wide from the start. There are here no practical limitations ruling out parts of the world, for all the world trades together. Hence if all producers, except one, combine to reduce output and so raise prices, that one will wreck their scheme by increasing output and selling at prices higher, indeed, than those prevailing before the partial rationalization was attempted, but lower than those which the rationalizers had agreed upon. If, for example, all the wheat-exporting countries, except Russia, reach an understanding based on quotas, Russia might double her production and sell at a profit. The only way of preventing such a development would be to exclude Russian wheat from every market, and it is quite certain that if rationalization is to become the rule, some such arrangement for making it effective will be devised and applied. It is hardly necessary to add that such an arrangement would cut clean across all present fiscal policies, whether free trading or protectionist.

The other conclusion is that little trouble need be taken over substitutes. This is not simply because the substitute is itself likely to be selling at a loss and therefore busy with a rationalization scheme of its own. The reason is that rationalization cannot raise the price of an article to such a level as to make the purchase of a substitute attractive. The aim of rationalization is not so much to make substantial profits as to prevent substantial losses. When all producers are losing, all will accept restrictions, and if some find that restrictions compel them to give up business altogether, they are thankful, as we are now seeing in the case of shipyards, to be helped to close down instead of having to go through the bankruptcy court. But the position would be very different if restriction were carried so far as to permit high profits to those still engaged in an industry. Their prosperity would be more than their excluded ex-competitors would stand. They would force their way in again, the ring would be broken and the rationalization scheme would collapse.

Next week we shall discuss the practical application of these theoretical points.



## THE BOTTLE OF MEDICINE

BY QUAERO

THOUGH, with the many, the bottle of medicine seems to be as popular as ever, its status has sadly fallen. Modern doctors still issue prescriptions in the old form, but no longer with the same faith in their efficacy or value; and, on all sides, one hears contemptuous expressions implying that drug-therapy is but a relic of superstition. Time was, of course, and not so long ago either, when medical treatment consisted of little else. Even to-day, few indeed are the patients, whatever their views or degrees of enlightenment may be, who escape, or wish to escape, from the physician's consulting-room without that scrap of dog-Latin which only the chemist is supposed to be able to interpret.

What are the facts? Are drugs, as many "reformers" allege, useless survivals from the Dark Ages, offensive equally to Nature and to science? Or, on the other hand, are they as valuable as tradition reputes them; specifics offered us by a kindly Providence—"a medicine for every ill"? Or, as is usual in such disputes, does the truth lie between?

We may get some guidance to the correct answer if we contemplate the means whereby unaided Nature restores, or seeks to restore, physiological harmony. Everyone knows that the body of living man is a very complicated affair; but few realize the amazing degree of that complexity. The millions of cells which make up the bodily structure cannot be looked upon as so many molecules in a bar of iron, or in a machine made by hands. Every one of these cells has some influence on, and is influenced by, the functioning of every other cell and of the organism as a whole. This is peculiarly emphasized in those groups of cells which make up what are called the endocrine glands. The discovery of the determining potency of the secretions of the thyroid, the pituitary, the adrenal and the pancreatic glands, as well as of the testis and ovary, has revolutionized physiology. When we find that the absence of the minute quantities of thyroid secretion customarily present in the blood spells infantilism and idiocy; that the metabolism of carbohydrates is impossible in the absence of the secretion of the pancreas; and that changes in a small pea-like gland at the base of the skull determine such crude physical manifestations as gigantism, we get some idea of the complexity and sensitivity of the whole human body, and of the way it is influenced by tangible, measurable and presumably administrable chemical substances.

It is through the changes they cause in cellular activity and cellular secretions, and the breaches thus made in our internal lines of communication, that external agents—organic, physical, or psychic—initiate disease. To many of these provocants, the subconscious forces of our body "automatically" react in a protective manner. It is these reactions that the physician needs to study; and, in so far as he can further them, or check their excessive action, he can justly claim to be "assisting Nature." Occasionally, he may successfully attack the invading force itself, or chemically neutralize its poisons. But, in the case of germ diseases, it is extraordinarily difficult to destroy the bacteria without coincidentally inflicting serious damage on the living cells of the organism itself. There are, however, substances, both of mineral and of cellular origin, which inflict far more damage on the invader than on the home defences; among them being such ancient drugs as mercury and quinine, as well as the more recently

introduced serums, obtained from immunized animals, for the neutralizing of the poisons of diphtheria and snake-bite. More commonly, our therapy is physiologic.

Our notions on the treatment of illness have a history-long growth. Some of these notions have persisted almost unchanged for thousands of years, speculatively supported in different ages by fanciful theories of the most varied kinds. Early therapeutics were necessarily, in so far as they proved effective, based on crude empiric experience, because, until recently, physiological knowledge can scarcely be said to have existed. Consequently, the chief asset of ancient physicians was a personal one, compounded of their individual shrewdness and individual experience. Such an art could be but in small part handed on to others. In actual practice, this is largely true of present-day medicine.

Sound therapy can hardly exist in the absence of a sound conception of the nature of disease. The symptoms which most impress the subject himself, and even the functional or organic abnormalities which immediately strike the observer, may be very deceptive. Naturally, a patient wishes to be relieved of a symptom which he finds unpleasant or disturbing; and the physician readily gains credit and gratitude in so far as this result is achieved. Frequently, indeed generally, such relief is all to the good; but it is apt to lead both doctor and patient too readily to assume that the disease itself is being effectively countered. So, again, with a functional irregularity or a structural divagation from the normal. Attempts may be made to "correct" what is often but a compensatory or protective reaction of the organism to inimical forces or circumstances to which unmodified normality would inevitably yield. A structure and a functioning that ordinarily make for health may, in special circumstances, as in the face of a bacterial or other toxic invasion, make for disease and death. The rise of temperature in fevers, the inflammatory reactions to septic wounds, the hypertrophied heart-muscle and raised blood-pressure in certain arterio-sclerotic conditions, and the diarrhoea and vomiting consequent on the taking of poisons or poisoned food, may serve as simple examples of compensatory or protective symptoms which are often mistaken for disorders calling for correction. It is largely by means of self-made drugs that the body automatically resists and overcomes disease. It were absurd to argue, therefore, that drugs are, by their very nature, impotent in the struggle for the maintenance or recovery of health. Hitherto, perhaps, our most impressive drug therapy has consisted in the administration of anti-toxic substances, presumably identical with those which the human body automatically produces, obtained from the blood-serum of immunized animals. But, as the science of bio-chemistry develops, there is good reason to believe that more and more of such substances will be synthetically preparable. Our rediscovery of the therapeutic influence of physical agents such as heat, light and electricity, as well as of stimuli that act through the emotions, has, not unnaturally, led enthusiasts to believe that these have replaced the time-honoured bottle of medicine in the treatment of human sickness. But, while it were impossible to disregard the proved value of these Hippocratic revivals, they are, in fact, destined but to take their place by the side of the measuring-glass and the hypodermic syringe among the armamentaria of the scientific physician.

## THE WHIGTORY

BY FRANK A. CLEMENT

THERE was once a young and distinguished, but very crusted Tory who took politics seriously, to the sound of trumpets, and had the Empire ever before his eyes. The dream of his life was to bring in the New World to redress the bank balance of the Old, and he proposed to start the good work by granting a substantial preference to the fine old Tory State of New South Wales.

Living contemporaneously with this great and good young man was an amiable, if cynical, old Whig, who had a poor opinion of the New World, and believed that the Old could best redress its bank balance by running State sweepstakes and sending the profits to America in the form of alcohol. He also held that England had flourished under Walpole, because then, bribery and corruption being open and above board, the best people had been encouraged to take an intelligent interest in politics.

Now it happened that these dissimilar but otherwise estimable men met from time to time at the famous "Mondays," "Tuesdays," "Wednesdays" and "Fridays" given by a Voltairean high churchman, who was a publicist by profession, a philosopher by inclination, and a mathematician in his spare time. In the latter capacity he had solved the problem that had baffled mankind from the beginning. He, and he alone, knew at all times, and in all circumstances, how many beans made five; and it was he who invented the famous paradox that "They who are full of them rarely have one."

The crusted Tory and the mellow Whig continued to meet; yet although they waved to each other, it was across a great gulf, for they never really saw eye to eye on the major things that do not matter, till one day Fate took a hand in the game, and they were brought together. It happened in this wise:

The distinguished publicist was in philosophic mood, and was pondering on the fallibility of the infallible, when a young and lovely and very fashionable woman broke in upon his solitude. He at once cheered up. Seating herself on the corner of the table, and pressing him gently back into his chair, from which he had risen to make the obeisance of a courtier but less amusing age, the girl of the period remarked: "Darling, I am depending upon you." To which the publicist replied: "Darling," for he spoke all languages, "I am pleased to hear you say so. Tell me all about it." So she told him.

"I am giving, for charity of course, a fancy fête," she explained, "at which I shall appear as Lady Godiva." "I hope," said the publicist, "you will have a fine day for it." "It will be at night," she said, "and indoors, hence my difficulty. My husband refuses to have a horse in the house." "How inconsiderate," said the publicist. "Yes, isn't it?" said the lady. "But there it is. So I have come to you." Internally bewildered, but externally unperturbed, the publicist said at once, "You may rely on me." "I knew I might," she replied. "You see," she continued, "I thought first of engaging two of those amusing people who play quadrupeds in pantomimes, so clever, don't you think? But my husband refuses to let the fête forfeit its amateur status. You see my difficulty? So I came to you. You understand what I want?" "In a general way, yes," said the publicist, who was, for once, all at sea, "but perhaps you will tell me exactly." "Well," said the lady, "I know that you know a lot of amusing but peculiar people, and I thought you might know of two who—" "Would act for you as a pantomime horse!" said the publicist, completing the sentence. "Precisely," said

the lady. "You darling, how understanding you are." "Now let me think—," but no sooner had he said the words than a heavenly smile lit up the publicist's face. "I know," he exclaimed, "the very men. When would you like them to rehearse?" "Would this afternoon be too soon?" said the lady. "Not a bit," said the publicist. "Shall we say four o'clock?" "At four I shall expect them. How can I ever repay you?" said the lady. "By asking me to the fête," said the publicist, with a smile more heavenly than ever.

Hardly had the vision of loveliness faded from the room when the Tory and the Whig were announced, for they had arrived together, though as always from opposite directions. "You come," said the publicist, beaming upon them, "in the nick of time. I have a spot of work for you both. I ask it as a special favour. Are you game?" They said they were, and he broke it to them gently, and for a while there was a silence that could be felt. "You wish me," said the Tory, "to do the head and forelegs?" "Yes," said the publicist. "It will be for you to do the prancing, what I may call the fancy work; our friend here will do the real work." "Dished again," said the Whig. "And you say she is very beautiful?" said the Tory, ever romantic. "Beyond compare," said the publicist. "And her weight?" murmured the Whig, ever practical. "A featherweight," said the publicist. "And to think that I ever disapproved of slimming," said the Whig. "Then you will oblige me?" said the publicist. "Delighted, I'm sure," said the Tory. "Delighted, I'm not so sure," said the Whig, looking distastefully at his prancing partner.

The rehearsal took place according to plan, and on the night of the fête the Godiva interlude was a great hit. Three times round the ball-room rode the lovely lady, and her beauty and the prancing, the caracoling, the head-tossing of the horse were beyond praise, and were ably supported by the sturdy work put in by hind quarters. At the end of the last lap, a beautiful Tory marchioness threw a garland of buff ribbon round the flowing mane, while a stately Whig duchess tied a true blue bow to the flowing tail. And when the performers came from cover to take their call, the publicist patted them on the back and said, "There, you see, the Whig and the Tory are the two parts of the same animal." "A noble animal," he added, "Useful, ornamental, and damn funny," and he fell a-laughing to such an extent that the Tory laughed too, and even the Whig almost smiled.

## TO A NUN IN THE TRAIN

BY HUGH M. LONGDEN

PATIENT hands and gentle eyes,  
In whose blue are peaceful skies,  
Purity within them stand  
Integrate like untouched sands.  
Who am I that I should know  
Where you come from, where you go.  
Nothing marks your placid brow,  
Telling what you think of now:  
In your presence calmness stands  
Gentle eyes and patient hands. . . .



## THE BEGINNING OF THE PRE-RAPHAELITES—V

BY VIOLET HUNT

IT was a rainy summer. But Millais, determined to make another shot at Fame—cum Pre-Raphaelitism—went down into the country with Charles Collins, whose sister Kate he at that time much admired. The cottage at Botley, on the edge of Lord Abingdon's park, among haymakers and trees, children and animals, was better than the truckle bed in Meux's Brewery. He painted out of doors all day, and in the evenings racked his not too fertile brain for subjects, rescuing starving cats and drowning chickens, full of that instinctive kindness to animals which goes with the reasoned cruelty of the sportsman who makes a distinction between the prey and the pet. He or Collins might have to rush up for the day to buy four forced wild strawberries for the young aristocrat in the picture to present to 'The Woodman's Daughter,' at five-and-sixpence the four, but, for economy's sake, he and Collins would eat them afterwards.

The giant strawberries seem babyish, yet this light-some young fellow, dilating so poetically on "subjects" to friends in London—"Every kind of wood-growth . . . striving to get the upper hand and reach the sunlight first . . . the verdure's struggle for life . . . going on around him" is nearer the core, gets, perhaps, better the gist of the Pre-Raphaelite design. And later, when he had flown to Surrey to the banks of the river Ewell for a background for 'Ophelia'—every artist painted Ophelia! Even Redgrave, R.A., had a try—his rehearsal of the names of the flowers whose portraits he was making was quite in order with the aims of the Brotherhood. "The flowering rush, the dog-rose and river daisy, the forget-me-not and a shy, soft-coloured blossom with the word 'sweet' in its name . . ." He was a better P.R.B. than he knew.

The others all came down now and then for the day to visit him and Collins and report progress on their picture to King Rossetti, sulking in his tents, or tent, in Newman Street. Rossetti never troubled to come down to see them, and it was no loss to Millais, for he did not really like him.

There was nothing now between the mind of the master who had given the impetus to the hand of the executant—between Rossetti, who carried an umbrella, and Millais, who carried a gun—the literary man and the sportsman, who came to be able to shoot a moor and paint it with equal facility. (He boasted, sitting at his easel in Perthshire, and noticing black game coming over, that he could throw down his palette and, without leaving his stool, get a blackcock as it flew over his head.)

Granted they were all going to Heaven to be of the company of Velazquez, who would shake hands with Velazquez first? Who was the real leader of the Movement? At the period of its inception, Millais, a pushing youth, was against anything new that might land him in not getting-on-ness, while Hunt was not distinctly Pre-Raphaelite, and Rossetti not known to have painted at all! Well, leaving out Brown, one must hand the palm to Rossetti, through sheer force of character, leader of the expedition out of Egypto-British sloshiness . . . Millais could lay on paint most cunningly. Well, perhaps Rossetti did better. There are other dreams even now. And no one remembers the Israelites, except that they "murmured." Of what price is the long and honoured procession of Bubbles and Beauties coloured to order beside the little self-despised handful of masterpieces—the much abused "green" picture of the fairy gutter-child whispering in Ferdinand's ear and the Virgin maid-of-all-work comforting the little Son of Man in her humble way. These Pre-Raphaelite triumphs were painted at the

instigation of the skilful *escamoteur* of outlines that Rossetti was; the man who, even if he could draw, did not choose, except when he drew Lizzy, and then . . . he was "all there"—true Pre-Raphaelite, covering his paper with the lovely lines of love.

Next year, fortified by rustication and hard living, cheered on by pals' backing, still potent in fraternities, they meant to have another try at the R.A. William Rossetti, the faithful chronicler of events, in his regular newsletter to Allingham in Ireland, admits that he has some hopes for next year's Royal Academy. Millais would have three pictures, 'The Woodman's Daughter,' illustrating a poem by their valued friend Patmore, very, *very* P.R.B., 'Mariana,' not so very, and 'The Daughters of the Sons of Noah'—hangers like scriptural subjects. Hunt's 'Two Gentlemen,' William opined, "would certainly take the shine out of his critics as well as out of any R.A. work that may happen to hang near it."

But in May the sad tale of what had happened at the Private View came through to William Allingham. 'The Woodman's Daughter' had been put in the Octagon Room, called the Condemned Cell, equal to an artistic sentence of death. Hunt had been "abominably shirked off"—the same place he had been in before with 'Rienzi.' Millais had two "on the line" (Keeper Jones, who was also Head of the Antique, cherished an affection for his early pupil). As for the critics, Shirley Brooks had walked about all day calling attention with a loud sniff to this or that outrageous picture: that little monkey Chorley was likewise in ecstasies of amusement. As for the ladies, poor Mrs. Jones, dreading the effect on her future progeny of Millais's poisonous greens, had to be supported to a settee and, even with the Howitts, friendly to the P.R.B., it was 'The Woodman's' quaint children . . . strange and naïve in treatment. . . .

Hunt used to hang about the R.A. to hear what people were saying. His poor old father was jeered at on his way to and from the city. Scurrilous letters and pamphlets were freely received by the Brethren and their relations. One Professor in the Academy Schools had trained his pupils to hiss in concert with the contemptuous references to the P.R.B. which he now introduced shamelessly into the body of his discourses. Another Professor wrote to a mutual friend that Mr. Millais must really expect to be "cut" in the street by all decent-minded people. The President, Sir Charles Eastlake, issued a pronunciamiento to the effect that this was the last year that he and the Hanging Committee "would admit this new and outrageous school of painting on their walls."

Faithful Allingham, on his arrival in town, went straight to Burlington House to have a look. He thought Hunt's picture a surprise and delight, but the face of 'Mariana' "rather timidly painted." All round him he heard the comments of "the despicable public," a ground-swell of disapproval that had not gone down since the opening day. And then into the other gallery, where there was a P.R.B. picture or two . . . A man "at the pay place," who obviously came there to scoff, had a copy of the poor dead *Germ* in his hand as well as the catalogue.

That night he dined with Thackeray in Kensington Square—quite a family party, Thackeray's mother-in-law, Mrs. Carmichael, Miss Anny and a Mr. Cole of the "Brompton Boilers," as they called the Exhibition of which he was the founder. There was a young painter there who was studying at Berlin, very handsome, rather Jewish-looking, wearing purple stockings, called Frederic Leighton. They talked Art. But, of the P.R.B., not a word!

## WOMEN AND THE THEATRE

BY HENRI BERNSTEIN

THE greatest pose to-day is to be revolutionary. That is why people are always talking about the new tendencies of the age, the new standards of living and culture, the folly of believing anything, or in anything, the need of breaking radically with the past. All this, irrespective of the fact that human nature does not change at least in the fundamentals that are the springs of human action.

The theatre, too, has been described as evolving towards a new goal. Is that correct? Doubtless there are many forms of theatrical art that appear to violate existing standards, but the dramatic material, "la matière ductile," which we utilize, is really the only element that has changed. Since our aim is to reproduce faithfully the life around us, our tendencies cannot change. Our subjects, though, have enormously altered, and in that respect the theatre of the future is going to be even more revolutionary.

The changes that have taken place with regard to the importance attached to women in the present-day world are visible in the theatre of to-day. "La jeune première" has almost entirely disappeared from the stage, and whereas before the war we had a galaxy of young and charming actresses whose one object was to interpret the psychology of woman in every possible manifestation, this theme, instead of being the dominant consideration where playwrights are concerned, has become entirely subsidiary. There are many plays where woman serves only as a pretext for emotions or drama, the ambition of man and the many problems that he is called upon to solve in his non-sexual life being the dominant theme. This development does not mean that woman has changed in any way from what she was in my young days. There are just as many sensual, amorous, passionate and sentimental women as ever. It is simply that economy now governs the world. In 1910 the young man who was amorously inclined could afford to be emotional the whole day long. To-day he has to fit in such moments between two business appointments. Do not ask me if I am sorry that this is so, for I am not one of those men who believe in the virtue of reminiscences. It is cold comfort to have to turn to the past for happiness. In any case, it is idle to indulge in any conjecturing about "what I might or might not have done." Life is a game that has been lost even before you play it.

Equally vain is it to imagine that any man who, like myself, has been very fond of the opposite sex—and not been too unsuccessful with them—has derived any advantage from it. The happy man is the one who has never loved or needed a woman, and I do not believe for a moment that any plays which I have written derived such success as they obtained from my experience of women. In any case, sexual problems are comparatively of little importance in the theatre of to-day. Far more important problems need studying and solving, and the modern playgoer is far more thrilled at seeing a good social or economic play than one in which the infidelity of woman or man is the recurrent "leit motif." If, then, the theatre of to-day has a new tendency, it is this: love has been relegated to a very subsidiary position, and ambition, class and political urges, big social problems such as those of the present age, are those that make the most appeal.

Nor can it be said that fantasy continues to attract on the stage the same attention as it did in the past. We are all realists to-day in that reality is far more picturesque, grim and appealing than any fantasy. In Russia, playwrights write according to State direction, and this seems utterly opposed to our conceptions of art; yet it was only the other day that Max Rein-

hardt was telling me that the finest plays in his repertory of late years had been those which had been written to order.

Any artist who uses the stage as a pulpit is no longer an artist even if, as in the case of the priest, orator or statesman, he is defending his theme in the most artistic manner. I am absolutely hostile to any form of theatrical art that has an axe to grind. The one portion of Ibsen's work that in my opinion is valueless or "morte" is that which is purely ideological.

Why is Shakespeare so great? Through an entire absence of moral point of view. And yet, mark you, he has exercised a far greater influence on morality than any moralist who ever lived. The real artist is an unconscious moralist. Once he becomes conscious of his call his influence is gone. The artist is accepted only by the moralists of the age coming after him.

I wonder why it is so fashionable to-day to talk of tendencies. Nothing is more sterile than this desire to determine this or that tendency. There are many young writers of to-day whom I admire and think exceptionally gifted, but their one fault is this deliberate desire to be this or that. As soon as an author tries to determine the school to which he belongs, he becomes an unconscious critic of his work. To be too lucid is to be inartistic. A lucid writer runs a great risk of being artificial.

Another so-called tendency among the young is the protest and reaction against realism. It is as stupid as to oppose poetry to realism. Poetry is just as realist as anything else. What are more realistic, for instance, than the fairy tales of Perrault?

The most fatal tendency, however, of the present day among my countrymen is their attempt to write French in the English vein. A most fatal mistake, believe me. English is the language of poetry par excellence; that is why English poets have always surpassed French. English is not made for ideas—only for suggestions. French is just the contrary.

Take that wonderful psychologist, Baudelaire. Does his merit lie half as much in his poetry as in the psychology behind it? No. We find in his verse a continual suggestion whose poetical syntax is surprising. To try, as many French writers and playwrights are trying to do to-day, to write in the English vein with a medium as realistic as French, precise and direct is a folly without name. It is, perhaps, the only real tendency that I find among young men of to-day. They are trying to escape from laws that were constructed by their tools of trade . . . the French language. If there is ever a decadence of French literature it will be due to this madness.

## THE WIND IS BLOWING

BY FRANCES R. ANGUS

THE townsfolk talk of Death  
Quietly. He came,  
They say, in the night,  
On the wind.

They heard him stop far down  
The street at Ellen's door,  
Call her gently: Come,  
Child, come.

They saw her go, his arms  
Enfolding, on the wind,  
Blowing crazily  
This way that.



## CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS

## III—DUNCAN GRANT

BY ADRIAN BURY

THERE was once a critic with so rare a taste in painting that he said: "Whoever thought of going to the Tate Gallery to look for a work of art?" This was in 1920. Since that time many modern Frenchmen have, shall we say, "gate-crashed" the galleries of Britain. I suppose the trouble is due to Post-Impressionism, for there are connoisseurs who still regard this movement as vital, and if it is allied to negro-art and cubism, so much the better.

It was on the high tide of Cézanne that Mr. Grant rose to importance in painting. In 1914 and immediately after the war Cézanne was still the master of masters, and not to admit it was to be classified among those whose æsthetic principles were derived from chocolate and pickle labels.

I have considerable regard for the work of Mr. Grant, but that he is the best and only English painter alive, is rather more than his due. But he is not responsible for the extravagances of those who admire him to this extent and, for all I know, might feel diffident at such praise. Mr. Grant is an interesting painter in whom the sense of design is very strong. He has the gift of seeing things in an original way. He is primarily a painter, in that he is far more concerned with pigment than he is with the "literal" interpretation of facts. Properly to enjoy his work, we must think in terms of paint rather than in words, for his conceptions are never literary. Anything in the nature of story-telling is abhorrent to Mr. Grant.

Let us look at a picture called 'The Bust.' It shows a plaster head, a pot and a glass of flowers on a plain table in acute perspective. They are placed against a background which might be a canvas or a door, but whose simple lines echo the austere lines of the table. Yet as a composition we are inclined to admire it, because its very artlessness imposes a difficult task on the painter, if the picture is to hold our attention. We know how Ribot and Fantin-Latour would have dealt with this subject. They would have followed Nature to the limit of their technique, and we should have been satisfied with the precious performance of their skill, plus the exquisite sentiment of their vision. Mr. Grant will have none of this. He has tried to convey the essential structure of these objects and, by a forcible appreciation of tone and tint, give them a sculptural effect. Mr. Grant, indeed, brings something of the sculptor's art into his painting, a way of building in pigment, and this is particularly noticeable in certain of his portraits. Such a one as 'Mrs. Langford,' which was exhibited at his last exhibition, was so powerful and voluminous as to be conspicuous among modern portraits. And it is surprising, considering the solidity with which this is painted, that he has managed to keep the final work vital. With no exceptional strength as a draughtsman he yet convinces us by his sense of character. He knows exactly what to eliminate in a face without betraying his inability to handle details in the traditional fashion.

There is a portrait, No. 12, in his collected works. It is of a massive woman, with her hands clasped together, in a chair. The head, bent slightly forward, with an expression of reverie, is a memorable piece of simplification. We need not ask why the painter has not passed less "noisily" from tone to tone, from colour to colour, because such is not Mr. Grant's method. And yet, in these portraits, he comes nearer to realism than the opponents of this kind of painting will admit. He knows that it is impossible to convey

a likeness of a human being without concentrating on the essential facts of anatomy. His portraits, for this reason, are more satisfying than those of his master, Cézanne. Nor is his energy dissipated in irrelevancies such as clothes and background, as in Cézanne's portraits of his wife, 'M. Choquet' and 'Au Chapeau Melon.' In his best work of this kind Mr. Grant understands the value of the silhouette or simple shape, and avoids extraneous matter.

He will have no rhetoric, and here he is wise, because the rhetorician either in paint or in words must be unusually eloquent. Mr. Grant is taciturn, but his silences are sometimes more illuminating than the glib passages that fall from the facile hand.

Even in his landscapes the artist appears to hold himself in leash. Like a poet revising a lyric, he asks himself again and again whether such a phrase, such a simile, such a metaphor is necessary. And for this reason his landscapes approximate to a scientific severity which is the very opposite of Van Gogh, who painted with torrential inevitability and arrived, not infrequently by accident, at the most marvellous results.

Not that Mr. Grant is devoid of imagination and a sense of fantasy. He has these gifts in abundance, and when he reserves them for his decorative panels such as 'The Tight-rope Walker' and the 'Decoration on a Cupboard' they are wholly charming. They show a lyrical humour which is spontaneous, albeit it is the humour of the theatre, and I have often wondered why Mr. Grant's talent in this direction is not more in demand for the embellishment of ballets and for the invention of costumes. But there are occasions when this light-hearted view of things leads him into trivialities that are hardly worth serious attention. I refer to such works as 'Head of Eve' and 'The Tub,' two jokes that all of us could make without any intense effort. But there are people, no doubt, who will tell us that we have missed the profound philosophical significance behind Mr. Grant's irresponsible lines and tints in these affairs. For my part, they have no more meaning than somewhat immodest puppets. But this is where the negro enthusiasts will answer me.

What, then, is Mr. Grant's position in art? I would say that at his best he is a dexterous modern, a sort of nephew of Cézanne, but with more discipline than his uncle, a painter who has made Post-Impressionism logical, but in the process has lost much of the passion of this movement. Can he develop further? As a decorator he has much more to say because this form of art gives scope for his wit, a wit that is never at its best in the "genre" picture. As a portrait painter, he may soon find, as Van Gogh did, that he may be on the way back to an earlier tradition. As a landscape painter he may have to repeat himself in a style that he has made his own. As an influence he is negligible, and to say, as has been said, that nothing of the sort has happened since the time of Constable is quite absurd. Is it likely that the work of Mr. Grant could make a painter of such genius as Delacroix repaint a masterpiece? This is what Delacroix did after looking at Constable.

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## NOCTURNE

BY LESLEY KEEN

MISS TANZY'S gentle happiness infected all whom she met. It had in it a quality of comfort and of sweetness. Even her little house, tucked cosily between the valleys, radiated peace and contentment. Miss Tanzy was always neat and dainty, like her garden. Like her garden, she was fresh and sparkling in the morning, brighter at midday, drooping and faded when the sun went down. Then the golden lights in her hair dimmed, and her blue eyes paled to gray, while her lips curved like a sorrowing child's.

No one guessed that Miss Tanzy was grieving. No one saw her in the evenings moving silently like a shadow in her darkened room. No one knew that, when the twilight came, she pulled the curtains across and whispered to herself: "When will he come? When will he come?"

It was many years since Miss Tanzy had seen him, for he had gone into the hills in search of health. Eager to become strong enough to marry, he had gone away from her as soon as he had convinced her that it was the only thing to be done.

Every week she received letters from him: letters so full of hope and promise that she lived always in a tip-toe of expectation, thinking that any post might herald his return.

Gradually the letters became fewer. Yet they grew brighter and more hopeful.

"Soon, soon, I shall come home," he wrote. "How good it will be to see you again, to feel the softness of your hair, to look into your eyes."

Later, he wrote: "I will not let you know exactly when I am arriving; it shall be a surprise. But one day, one glorious day, I will creep through the garden so softly that you will not hear me. I will peep through the window, just to see how you look when you are alone. Then, perhaps, I will tap on the pane—no, better still, knock on the door, just like nobody in particular. And you will say: 'Who can this be at this time of night?' For even if I leave here at early dawn I cannot reach you till evening. My darling, it will be worth all the weary waiting to see you again."

So ran his letters. And whenever the postman brought her nothing she thought, "Now he is starting this morning. He will arrive to-night."

Gradually, with the strain of waiting, Miss Tanzy became pale and emaciated. At every sound her eyes, glistening as in fever, darted rapidly to the door; her limbs shook and quivered.

Then one morning she awoke with the certainty that he would come that very day. She caught the same feeling in the chattering of the birds. They hopped to and fro in the branches with a ceaseless excitement; and all the tree-tops seemed overflowing with their happy twittering.

Downstairs, the room, too, shared in her certainty. The chairs held out their arms, stiff with expectancy; the vases on the mantelpiece bulged with placid joy—they almost beamed, the high lights on their necks twinkling. In the window the daffodils lifted their crinkly trumpets to the sky in a silent fanfare of welcome.

As in a dream Miss Tanzy wandered restlessly from room to room. She almost seemed to float, so light was her tread. And her face became rapt and unearthly, like that of a child listening to a fairy tale.

Soon the twilight fell. She went to the window and gazed out at the stars as they pricked their ways through the heavens. They shone like silver pin-

heads in blue velvet. Unblinking she gazed, until the tears welled up, brimming over. Then each star blurred, piercing the sky with shimmering spears that darted back and forth to the quivering of her lashes. Her frail hands slid along the window-pane, then stopped, pressing so closely on the cold glass that each finger-tip whitened. She leant nearer, her slender breasts crushed against the sill, and her breath came in little puffs.

As if in answer, a tiny breeze fluttered the leaves outside. Miss Tanzy slid open the window, and all the garden commenced a slow rustling. The trees swayed, their branches trembling. The flowers nodded their sleepy heads. Even the close-lipped lawn awoke from its placidity and blanched in the moonlight, each tiny blade of grass a shining sentinel.

Softly a brooding cloud swept across the moon, shutting off her rays; like the closing of a giant eyelid. The breeze dropped and became a sigh. The garden, bereft of its movement and light, lay quiescent again and blind.

Miss Tanzy puckered her brow and listened. But in the dark silence she heard only the faint note that was for ever ringing within her ears, like the distant tolling of a bell on some lost and mournful shore. And fainter, farther still, there came the swish and murmur of a thousand waves, beating unceasingly to the rhythm of her heart.

Suddenly her pulses quickened; the murmur became a clattering racket, as if a metal sea were clamouring to burst her eardrums. Her eyes strained through the dusk. Then as in a trance she walked towards the door and out into the night.

The sleeping garden made no stir. The air enveloped her like a black shift. She stepped on to the lawn and lifted her arms yearningly. "I heard you come, my darling. I am here," she whispered, and her slim hands fluttered in the air, stroking the empty blackness. Then she laughed softly, laying her head sideways, as if it were nestling in exquisite comfort. Her lips parted happily, and from them flowed a long-drawn sigh of bliss. "I thought you were never coming." She pressed her mouth up into the void, and all her frame shivered in ecstasy.

Slowly the pale moon crept through the cloud, scattering her silver all about, and revealing the solitary figure on the grass.

A withered leaf broke from its stem and fluttered down. It lay curled in the wan light like a dying hand. Then all the garden was still.

## SONNET: DE SENECTUTE

BY FRANCIS WATSON

SO let inevitable age draw near  
That youth may find the bitter cup turn'd sweet,  
And all the sorrows it has learn'd to fear  
Merely an easing of world-weary feet.  
So, when across the lamplight from the street  
The heavy curtains of the years must slide,  
Slow but remorseless, till at last they meet,  
There may be no regret for what they hide;  
No empty grief that love was born, and died,  
No struggle to remember or forget  
Kisses that are not, tears that have been dried,  
Hopes unachieved, ambitions overset.  
So let it come, while I, content, lean back,  
Sipping time's anti-aphrodisiac.



## THE THEATRE TRUE COMEDY

BY ROBERT GORE-BROWNE

[Our dramatic critic, Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, having been unable to discuss 'Counsel's Opinion,' we have asked Mr. Gore-Browne to act as his deputy on this occasion.—Ed. S.R.]

*Counsel's Opinion.* By Gilbert Wakefield. Strand Theatre.

SOME time ago a prize was offered by a newspaper for a single standardized remark by which conversation could be opened at any place on any occasion with any stranger. That prize was and will remain unawarded. But were the stranger drawn from the diminishing ranks of theatre-goers, were his beat the foyer or bar, and the occasion a first night, I would be inclined to fill up my coupon with the words, "What makes a good play?" He would have, in his answer, to discover the common factor of excellence in plays as diverse as 'Hamlet' and 'The Ringer,' 'The Cherry Orchard' and 'It's a Boy.' His formula would have to cover fantasy and farce, crook play and satire, high tragedy and low comedy. But since this is not an argument, but an article, I must without fear of contradiction offer in one word my receipt—Situation.

Anyone who will accept this criterion can give only one verdict on 'Counsel's Opinion.' I refuse to anticipate the pleasure of SATURDAY REVIEW readers by giving away the situation that Mr. Gilbert Wakefield has imagined. I will merely assure them on my professional honour that it is neat, diverting, plausible and novel. (I am not sure that its ultimate possibilities have been squeezed, nor am I sure that process is as desirable as the average psychological novelist believes.) This admirable situation, whose qualities most playwrights only glimpse in dreams, is not, despite the programme, farcical. In farces the audience is not tempted to confess that there but for the grace of God go they. Seldom have many members of an audience been tempted to hide in ottomans in unknown women's bedrooms or to circulate unendingly through evercommunicating doors. In Mr. Wakefield's play there is nothing that the daily round might not bring—a fog, a crowded hotel, a tired barrister, a determined woman, a smoking fire, and next morning this inspired situation which I am itching to divulge. Dryden (wasn't it?) rather pompously defined the personages of a farce as "Inconsistent with the characters of mankind." If the amiable types who glitter through the well-written lines of 'Counsel's Opinion' do not cross our paths every day of our lives, the reason is that everyday life is a poor thing. How eagerly would we throng solicitors' offices were all solicitors like Mr. Morton Selten! How willingly ruin ourselves at litigation to brief a junior with the grace and charm of Mr. Nares! What pleasure it would give to wrong a husband who reacted with the outraged splendour of Mr. Aynsworth! What escape could there be from laying comfort, reputation, career at the jewelled feet of Miss Jeans! The only reason I can see for dubbing this light, delicate fare as farce is the usual preference of its producer and presenter. Mr. Leslie Henson has given the world some memorable farces at the Strand Theatre. He has now shown that his taste and his touch in comedy are as impeccable. The only criticism that could be made of a flawless production is the addition of a grimly realistic fog to the other horrors of our English August.

Another test of a good play is the scope it gives to good acting. Here, too, we have good measure. Mr. Owen Nares has no light task. He is seldom off the stage. The whole plot hinges on his action and character. It is unnecessary to say that he never falters. His command of pace and his easy, unnoticeable technique carry him through to triumph. Mr. Allan Aynsworth it would be almost an impertinence

to praise. He could do the part of the self-satisfied, pompous peer standing on his head. But what pleasure this complete mastery of a medium gives to the spectator! He has a worthy rival in Mr. Morton Selten, who has fitted his normally more robust humours into the delicacy of this frame. Only the finest actors can see their parts as a share of the whole effect. Miss Isabel Jeans is in danger of becoming our most prominent actress. I do not know who can touch her for sense of comedy or facial expressiveness. And a gasp of delight goes up from the female part of the audience at each fresh frock. In this play she underlines her personality more strongly than is her habit. In a house the size of the Strand Theatre this is inevitable.

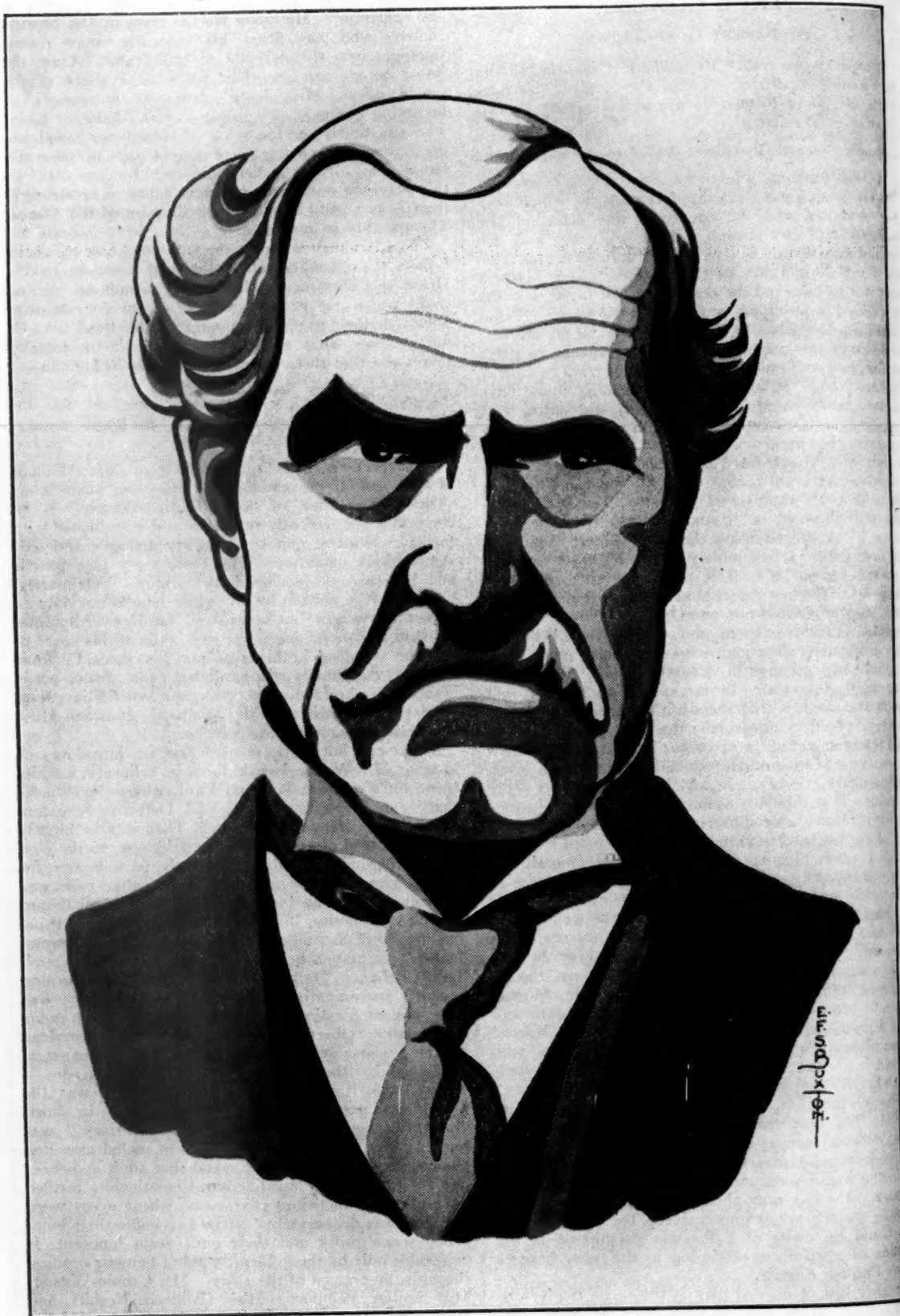
There is a man whose name I do not know to whom I wish the management would send a season ticket. He is the inventor of the dialling telephone. If he could watch for every night of a year Mr. Morton Selten dialling at the beginning of the third act, he would know what we all think of him. Incidentally this is the best three minutes of comedy in London.

*The Case of the Frightened Lady.* By Edgar Wallace. Wyndham's Theatre.

I suspect—perhaps quite wrongly; Mr. Wallace is an adept at persuading one to wrong suspicions!—that 'The Case of the Frightened Lady' is an early Wallace, recently rewritten and embellished with the later Wallace qualities of witty dialogue and only semi-serious narration. The basic story is a puerile and brazenly old-fashioned melodrama. Fortunately, however, it is written by an author who is not only an expert playwright, but never (well, hardly ever!) allows his skill at hair-raising to get the better of his sense of humour. Indeed, in this latest play his cynical Cockney wit is continually jeopardizing the hocus-pocus "thrills." And the piece confirms a belief I have long cherished, which is that Mr. Wallace's guardian Muse is Thalia rather than Melpomene.

A farcical but deftly written first act introduces us to what Mr. Wallace would have us believe is a Chief Inspector's room at Scotland Yard, where the "back-chat" of Inspector Tanner and Detective-Sergeant Totty is of first-rate quality. That it was largely irrelevant, and almost entirely superfluous, to the case of the Frightened Lady can hardly be a matter for critical complaint, seeing how jejune that case was subsequently revealed to be. Not one single inhabitant of that boggy-house, "Marks Priory" (where the usual murders were committed), bore even a superficial resemblance to a human being. There was the "sinister" Lady Lebanon, talking heraldic lore and burning patently incriminating evidence in stoves; there was Isla, almost inarticulate, chronically frightened and a sleep-walker; there were two preposterous American footmen whose suspicious behaviour was inadequately explained by the *dénouement*; the butler, to put it mildly, was "peculiar"; and finally there was the young, and patently insane, Lord Lebanon. In short, the atmosphere prevailing at "Marks Priory" was such as you will find nowhere but in melodrama and the case-book of an alienist. And that adult audiences can be intellectually mystified and emotionally thrilled by a group of factitious characters, whose every word and action is deliberately contrived to make their innocence seem guilty and their guilt seem innocent, is explicable only by the golden thread of humour running through the pattern of the story. Mr. Cronin-Wilson, Mr. Evelyn Williams, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and particularly (in a very "fat" part) Mr. Gordon Harker handled this at times amusing and at times preposterous tale with expert skill; though I must confess that not even the clutching hands and sliding panels were as difficult to swallow as the statement that Mr. Williams's Lord Lebanon had served as an Army officer in India.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD



THE PRIME MINISTER



## THE FILMS

## FIFTY-FIFTY

BY MARK FORREST

*Sally in our Alley.* Directed by Maurice Elvey. The Leicester Square.

*The Lawyer's Secret.* Directed by Louis Gasnier and Max Marcin. The Plaza.

IT is a very debatable point whether the experiment which the R.K.O. is trying at their cinema in Leicester Square is likely to prove successful, even if the variety half of the programme is as good as the half devoted to the pictures. This form of entertainment has been in being for a long time in certain cinemas in America, but a cinema is primarily a house in which to see films, and a large measure of any other kind of amusement seems to me to be out of place.

Variety can and is being used successfully in a number of other London cinemas to support their pictures, but the turn is merely subsidiary. An interval of a quarter of an hour between films which is so filled is a welcome change, but one and a half hour of a slow-moving, dreary "exclusive song and dance show" is only a change for the worse.

'Sally in Our Alley,' which shares the new programme, itself provides nothing very startling for filmgoers except the personality of Gracie Fields. This popular variety actress sings one or two songs with her usual cleverness and manages in addition to give quite a good performance, if a Lancashire one, of Sally Eilers, the heroine of the screen version of the successful Cockney play, 'The Likes of 'Er'; but Florence Desmond, missing much of the subtlety of the author's characterization, is not so happy in her attempt to portray the warped character of Florrie Small. The screen version moves without pace, but whenever the direction begins to pall, the Lancashire dialect of Gracie Fields comes to the rescue, so that the audience may feel on good terms with themselves again.

'The Lawyer's Secret,' at the Plaza, is another of those well-produced and carefully directed Paramount films which has a strong cast, headed by Clive Brook, Charles Rogers and Richard Arlen, to support it. As the lawyer, who is professionally entrusted with the confidence of his future brother-in-law and has to see justice done while not betraying his trust, Clive Brook has a part which appears admirably to suit his imperturbable manner. My own experience of American lawyers is that they are an excitable race, and Clive Brook's expressionless countenance, even voice and general attitude are, to my mind, more in keeping with a struggle over the ownership of a party wall than with one about a murder. However, the Americans seem to like the Chancery manner, which is certainly tranquil.

The direction of this picture, in contrast to the British one at the Leicester Square, moves swiftly and the situations are handled so competently that the maximum of dramatic value is got out of the story. One sequence follows another with no superfluous footage and the whole is welded together so that there is no hesitation nor hiatus. I am so used to this high standard from the Paramount company that I have almost come to take its excellence for granted. If one only could get this slickness from a British company, the ensuing praise would be deafening, but we are still, I am afraid, a long way from turning out, as a matter of course, a picture like 'The Lawyer's Secret.'

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

## NATIONAL EXTRAVAGANCE

SIR,—The vote for the Inland Revenue Department shows that the Land Taxes are imposed not for the sake of raising revenue, but in order to impose upon us Socialism in our time, in addition to our other burdens. This advance-guard of a vote is £4,763,080, the cost of a war in our young days. Only 1,600 new clerks are to be created, but there is good hope that in the future this amount will be largely exceeded. Thus the cost of these taxes already exceeds about four times (I think) the total amount raised in twelve years by the old Land Tax, and we have had put upon us a permanent burden of nearly £200,000 a year. It must be remembered also that we shall have nearly 2,000 more electors to vote for public waste and public bribery.

I am, etc.,

W. A. HIRST

New Oxford and Cambridge Club, W.1

## THE ENGLISH SUNDAY

SIR,—One need do no more than briefly notice Mr. Sandeman's rejoinder. If legal privileges extended to the cinema are better deserved by the Drama, actors and patrons, satisfied with a six-days' ministry of art, have more sense and dignity than to demand them. Has he never heard of the Actors' Church Union?

Mr. Sandeman is eager to prove to the incredulous that Sunday recreation is in "widespread popular demand." So that is an infallible test of the mental and moral benefits accruing from a measure! It is consoling to believe that no government, to catch votes, has openly avowed that identity, or taken that view of its obligation. For the rest he is forced to fall back on Scottish Puritanism, and the "two million" unemployed as dialectic resources. The obvious answer to the first is that as Sabbatic usage has gradually undergone a practical reversal since then, it is high time he was satisfied, without wanting to destroy the last characteristics of British reserve and love of retirement.

Mr. Sandeman, in his first letter, insisted—wantonly enough—that the secular Sunday abroad was attended with no falling-off in church-going. This argument for a Continental Sunday here is bound to fail because to attempt to find an analogy between Catholic and Protestant usage is fatal. So long as the former fulfils his works of obligation in the sanctuary, he is free to follow his own devices the rest of the time. But in Protestant countries church-attendance is not observed as a merit or act of faith. The result is that religion, theology, ethics and rhetoric are in free competition with more mundane pursuits.

I am, etc.,

LINDSAY S. GARRETT

Regent Square, W.C.1

## RAILWAYS AND RATIONALIZATION

SIR,—The remorseless fall, week after week and year after year, in railway traffic receipts will inevitably soon compel the country to recognize that one of the principal obstacles blocking the road to a revival in trade, and a recovery in traffics, is the excessively high levels of railway rates and fares—charges which are nearly 200 per cent. higher than abroad. Even week-end fares are higher than by road!

These anomalous conditions originated at the time the railways increased the wages of their staff by upwards of 130 per cent. Instead, however, of counterbalancing this cost by radically overhauling obsolete and wasteful methods, the easy course was taken of raising rates and fares by the unprecedented figure of 100 per cent., with the result that an enormous volume of traffic was diverted to the roads. The measures that should have been taken—and should now be taken without delay—to offset the increase in the railway wages bill may be briefly described as under:

1. The pooling of 700,000 privately-owned wagons.
2. A rapid replacement of these uneconomical and outworn 10-ton trucks for 20-ton and 40-ton wagons.
3. A reduction of all ordinary fares to proper competitive levels by at least one-half.

I am, etc.,

E. R. B. ROBERTS

S.W.9

#### RUSSIA

SIR,—Conflicting and often directly contradictory views are held by foreigners returning from Russia on the progress made by Russian industries. On the other hand agricultural experts appear to be almost unanimous in describing the difficulties confronting the Soviet authorities in their attempt to force collective methods on the country population as virtually insuperable. It is interesting to note that American engineers, employed in supervising on the vast government farms the installation and rational utilization of the most modern agricultural machinery, are in substantial agreement with Germans who have for years made a special study of Russian conditions. The following views expressed by a careful German observer, Herr Schickedanz, are fully borne out by American and German experts recently returned from a prolonged sojourn in Soviet territory.

The agrarian revolution aiming at the total expropriation of the peasant population affects roughly 90 per cent. of the 135 million inhabitants of Russia. A serious obstacle to the success of the Soviet agrarian policy is the Russian peasant's total lack of technical ability. The intricate super-modern machinery indispensable to the rational exploitation of vast stretches of arable soil is subjected to ill-treatment which exasperates the unfortunate German and American experts employed as instructors or engineers on the government "grain factories." Small repairs are looked upon as pedantic nonsense by peasants and mechanics alike, and expensive machinery is ruined which could have been saved by the timely replacement of a lost bolt.

I am, etc.,

AN ENGLISHMAN IN GERMANY

#### FAMILY ALLOWANCES

SIR,—May I make a few comments on Mr. Hecht's valuable article in your issue of August 15?

First, in contrasting the family responsibilities of the past with the present he notes the past prevalence of production for immediate use as contrasted with production for exchange, but he says nothing of the great difference made by the prolongation of childhood. In the days when Daniel Defoe could note with satisfaction that in the textile districts "scarcely anything above four year old but its hands were sufficient for its own support," and where Sir William Petty and other writers suggested seven as the normal age for self-dependency, the burden of child dependency naturally sat lightly on their parents. It was Lord Shaftesbury, prince of child-philanthropists, who opposed the raising of the school age from ten to thirteen on the grounds that "the extent to which persons in London depended on the labour of their children, your Lord-

ships could hardly be aware of." Yet the general public, while acutely aware of the burden placed on its own shoulders by every raising of the school age, accompanied by maintenance allowances, tends to forget that an at least equivalent burden is placed on the parents. More strangely, it forgets that to expect parents to meet the cost of child dependency out of the remuneration of the father's labour postulates the attempt to pay wages to all men on the basis of family need, despite the fact that the burden varies immensely in amount and lasts only a portion of the worker's life (e.g., if there are three children, with school-age at 14, for roughly 20 out of an adult working life of 45 years). And since this attempt inevitably fails, it involves severe hardship to families just at the period when hardship is most disastrous, while presenting young bachelors with a surplus often used in acquiring habits which they cannot afterwards keep up, except by depriving their families of necessities. And this unscientific, clumsy and cruel way of meeting the cost of the nation's recruitment is defended in the name of economy, self-dependency and parental responsibility.

The alternative is through some form of family allowance. Mr. Hecht's scheme for meeting the cost of these is ingenious, but would, I fear, have the effect of perpetuating the fallacy that family allowances are part of the remuneration of labour and hence a violation of the principle of equal pay for work of equal value. Assuming that the recruitment of the community should be associated with the wage-system at all, I prefer the Franco-Belgian method of payment through Equalization Funds (Caisse de Compensation) which completely meets the danger of discrimination against men with families and has been so successful that after twenty years of experiment on a vast scale Belgium has already made it compulsory for all employers to pay family allowances and (except in certain cases) to join Equalization Funds. A Government Bill to the same effect is about to pass into law in France. Further, in both countries this step had the approval of the vast majority, both of employers and of Trade Unions. Opposition over there is mainly confined to Communists, who take the view, so elegantly expressed by an extreme left-wing opponent in this country, that family allowances "pad the shackles of capitalism"; in other words, so increase well-being as to weaken revolutionary forces. Yet even the Federation of Communist Trade Unions in France has been compelled sadly to admit that "the majority of the workers believe family allowance to be a good thing. We cannot run our heads against this conception."

Finally, Mr. Hecht is mistaken in supposing that the Family Endowment Society is committed to the scheme for providing family allowance through taxation. The Society includes persons of all shades of political opinion, is committed only to the general principle of direct instead of indirect provision for child rearing, and otherwise contents itself with exploring and expounding all the variants of the three main schemes for making such provision, namely: (1) through the State, paid for by taxation, (2) through the State, paid for by contributory insurance, and (3) through voluntary piece-meal schemes, paid for by employers through equalization funds. Which of these schemes is preferred depends *inter alia* on whether we want to use family allowance as an engine for recasting the present distribution of wealth between classes as well as between those with or without families within each class, or merely for the latter purpose. Supporters of either view will find abundant material in the publications issued or supplied by the Family Endowment Society, at 18 Abingdon Street, S.W.1.

I am, etc.,

ELEANOR F. RATHBONE

50 Romney Street, S.W.1



## REVIEWS

## THE RIBALD EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

*A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue.*  
By Captain Francis Grose. Edited by Eric Partridge. Scholartis Press. 32s.

LITERARY societies, wrote Raleigh, should either drink or publish. Grose did both. The third edition of his Dictionary, 1796, is here dedicated to Prof. Weekley, a scholar who does not follow the usual practice of separating instruction from amusement, and is "issued for private subscribers." Thus it avoids the censure of those who object to unutterable words. On the sexual side the volume is certainly outspoken, for it presents a period of robust and raffish humanity which was frankly Rabelaisian. Like Rabelais, it gives us rather a heavy dose of grossness. But this array of rank words is not necessarily worse than the sniggering innuendo which took its place, and Mr. Partridge shows how large an interest Shakespeare took in such coinage. Grose is at any rate a classic, with a classic's rights to liberty, and while well-known to serious students of English, he has also been freely used by novelists who have thus appeared knowing about a world of which they knew little.

Mr. Partridge has added many learned and ingenious notes, and at the end a good sketch of Grose's life. The Captain had—suitably enough—a Falstaffian figure and was described by John Camden Hotten as "the greatest antiquary, joker, and porter-drinker of his day." His friend Burns wrote of him:

A chiel's amang you, taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll print it.

As an artist, Grose was an exhibitor at the Academy and he inherited money. He never lived, so far as we know, in those sordid circles whose sole contribution to the English language is the word "impecuniosity." Mr. Partridge adds his own comments in parentheses after Grose's text, with abbreviations indicating various authorities. This sensible plan makes everything clear and easily accessible. He pays a just tribute to the work of Dr. Onions and makes some provocative comments. Thus under "oaf" he notes, "Daringly used by Kipling, whose pre-war audacity undoubtedly lost him the laureateship." There is no evidence that Kipling ever desired the post, which after Alfred Austin has always been a little ridiculous.

Grose preserves many curious records of roguery, as under "Nypper, a cut-purse," a word invented by a decayed gentleman who in 1585 kept an academy for the education of thieves, trained to take money out of a purse without ringing the bell attached to it. He does not give a separate heading to "cut-purse" itself, which appears in Boswell. Sometimes the Dictionary is wrong, or time has made its notes odd. Thus "Beef Eater" from "Bouffetier" is a myth, though promoted by Mrs. Markham to the dignity of household history. "Dumps" from Dumpos, King of Egypt, who died of melancholy, looks like the invention of a carousing etymologist. "Whisky" was first associated with Ireland, though a "bull" was not, going back to a blundering London lawyer who lived under Henry VII. "Bristol Milk" is still, however, an excellent sherry sold by a famous house in the city. The Dictionary includes much vivid and sardonic metaphor. Thus a widow's weeds are known as a "bill of sale" or a "house to let" and coiners are "queer bit-makers." Word-lovers can add to the notes. A "counterfeit crank" (in the sense of the German *krank*) is in Burton's 'Anatomy,' and "chum-mage" appears in Mr. Pickwick's experiences of the

Fleet. "Bellyful" and the "Butter and eggs trot" can both be illustrated in Shakespeare. "Broughtonian" recalls the once famous John Broughton, boxing champion of England, just as "Sullivanise" once recorded the prowess of John L. Sullivan. The account of Broughton misses the curious fact that there is a grave slab with his name in the cloisters of the Abbey. "Bug-hunter" in the nineteenth century was school slang for a naturalist. "Milk and Pigeon" joins Grose across the centuries with Lucian, who uses "birds' milk" in his essay on 'Mercenary Dependents.' The "neck verse," which by benefit of clergy saved criminals from the gallows, is given as Psalm 51, 1. Psalm 16, 15 was also used for the same purpose. "Grub Street News" was "lying intelligence," because, as Hawkins points out in his Life of Johnson, the Street was full of the purveyors of anonymous treason and slander. But the *Gentleman's Magazine* grew out of the *Grub Street Journal*. "Pope," in "What a pope of a thing!" (Dorset), is referred not to the pontiff but to *pupa*, "puppet," in the Dorset Glossary of Barnes. The "Toad-in-the-hole" is now meat enveloped in batter-pudding, not in "pye-crust." Mr. Partridge supplies some interesting comments on soldier language in the war, which recovered or reflected the freedom of eighteenth-century English.

VERNON RENDALL

## A NEGLECTED NOVELIST

*Henry Kingsley (1830-1876): Towards a Vindication.* By S. M. Ellis. Grant Richards. 12s. 6d.

THE brother of a famous author may be unfairly eclipsed by him, but the success of Charles is not enough to explain the bad luck, the misfortune, and the suggestion of blame that have overshadowed Henry Kingsley. Henry has always had his champions, and the total omission of Henry from the Life of Charles, written by Mrs. Charles Kingsley, has given currency to the legend that Henry was ruined by drink and that it was this weakness which explains the admitted falling off in the quality of his later novels. This has now provided Mr. S. M. Ellis with the excuse for writing the first detailed account of Henry's life and for trying to do belated justice to his novels and articles. There was a gap to be filled; there was justice to be done, and Mr. Ellis therefore starts with the essentials of a good biography. Henry Kingsley is really one of those biographical subjects of genuine, but not of the first, interest in which almost more depends upon how the story is told than upon its intrinsic importance. To tell the truth and to dissipate the injustice of legend is a worthy task, but the temptation of exaggerating the virtues of the novelist needs to be resisted; and this may not be easy to an admirer whose materials are slight and who therefore is inclined to lean too much on his literary claims because detailed criticism might prove tedious, and too little has survived to make more than a biographical sketch possible. In conviction of truth and in the doing of justice, Mr. Ellis is strong, but he is less convincing in his appraisal of the novels.

What really happened to Henry Kingsley can be briefly told. After idly amusing himself at Oxford, his taste for adventure led him to follow the gold rush to Australia, from which he returned penniless at the end of five years. He made a successful novel, 'Geoffrey Hamlyn' (which is still cherished in Australia), out of these experiences, followed this with his best-known story, 'Ravenshoe,' soon married, was in constant financial difficulties through the illnesses of his wife, wrote one more good book in 'The Hillyars and the Burtons,' constantly borrowed money from

his brother Charles, spent the rest of his short and harassed life writing from the pinch of necessity inferior books, became for a while editor and war-correspondent in the Franco-Prussian war, and died of cancer of the tongue and throat, possibly increased by his excessive smoking, at the age of forty-six. There seems no excuse for the legend that he fell into disaster at Oxford, that he ever suffered from drink, and his omission from Mrs. Charles's Life of her husband seems to be sufficiently explained by her weariness of a brother-in-law who had become identified in her mind with requests for a loan. Misfortune, not disgrace, is the keynote of his life, and Mr. Ellis has collected the evidence with commendable industry. He convinces us that his version is the true one, for there seems to be no evidence but gossip (enforced by the silence of Mrs. Charles) for any other. Henry Kingsley would feel that he had not been a failure to have earned this biography fifty-five years after he had died.

The book falls into two parts. In the first we have the sketch with illustrative quotations from Henry's novels, and in the second a batch of letters, chiefly to Henry's generous publisher Alexander Macmillan, together with a couple of notes to Swinburne and with the bulk of Henry's account to his newspaper of his experiences at Sedan. The letters to Macmillan are (not unnaturally) mainly concerned with money, press-corrections, the delivery of copy, and the business details of a harassed author's life. Those from the front show the change that has occurred in the functions of a correspondent on the battle-field. Kingsley describes his wanderings through the stricken villages, the hideous sights and the "beauty," too, of the dead where they fell, like a casual spectator of an extraordinary occurrence. Unsupplied with information from headquarters, the correspondent of those days was limited to his immediate adventures. There was no attempt to present the strategy or the tactics of the campaign or to convey the hopes and fears of anyone at the centre. The narrative thus gains in detail what it loses in range. We suffer with the privates, not play with the generals. A comparison with other reports would be needed before we could understand how good or less good a correspondent he was.

When it comes to the novels, Mr. Ellis uses the word genius too often. His quotations illustrate the vividness of Kingsley's natural descriptions and the stilted quality of his later dialogue. The genius is insufficiently displayed, and the short story would have gained by a fuller discussion of the novels. 'Ravenshoe' is fairly fresh in my own memory, and I should say that its best scenes could be readily detached from the cumbersome accessories that it had in common with many novels of the 'sixties. If Henry had been a genius, he would soon have escaped from these, whereas he did some admirable work in the trammels of a dull convention. I could even have wished for a short dissertation on the two brothers, since the much greater success of Charles is no proof of a superiority. Mr. Ellis is mainly the biographer, and, if his aim is limited, he has certainly achieved it.

OSBERT BURDETT

## THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD

*The Japanese Population Problem.* By W. R. Crocker. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

*Asia's Teeming Millions.* Translated by John Peile from the French of Etienne Dennery. Cape. 10s. 6d.

THE schoolmaster is indeed abroad these days. Into the farthest lands the professors go, in squadrons and platoons, to the cities of the living and the silent places of the dead, all digging and delving for facts and figures that shall solve their appointed

problems or vindicate their pet theories; and the stream of books which they write, compared with that of Lord Brougham's day, is as the flood of the Mississippi to a trout stream. And I, who for my sins and daily bread, have for years navigated the particular tributary of this mighty river which flows out from China, Japan and the regions of the Pacific, have lately come to sympathize with the state of mind which led the Emperor Shih Huang-ti to order the burning of all the works of the historians; also the sagacity of the Cardinals of the Holy Inquisition, who, for the prevention of false doctrines, devised the Index. But these ancient remedies are no longer applicable; what the modern world of letters needs is an international body of supermen, with power to licence, or to forbid, the publication of books, in the same way that films are licensed or forbidden, for the public good. For those writers who traffic in poetry or the making of plays, for the expounders of science or the exploiters of fiction, let them carry on; but for the rest of those that follow the "most deceiving and most dangerous of all professions," and especially for historians, statisticians, political economists and other professors of the dismal science, what is wanted is censorship at the source, or, shall we say, a Society for the Diffusion of Accurate Knowledge, authorized to curtail output and certify quality.

Don Quixote, you may recollect, was for more drastic measures: he would have had them burnt at the stake, "like coiners of false money." For, as he indignantly observed (at a time when matters were far less serious than they are now), "history is a sacred kind of writing, because truth is essential to it; notwithstanding which there are men that will make you books, and toss them out into the world, with as much dispatch as a dish of fritters."

No self-respecting fritter could survive the dispatch now displayed in the tossing out of books into the world by peripatetic professors in search of copy. Many of these worthies, especially the American variety, rush and chatter about the world of to-day, from China to Peru, with travelling Fellowships and programmes of "research," provided for them by benevolent but misguided millionaires. *Cælum non animam mutant*: what each one gets out of these academic excursions is no more than what he brings to it, be it science or sentiment, clear or loose thinking.

These querulous reflections are inspired by the simultaneous publication of two works, both dealing with the problems of Asiatic over-population: one by an Australian, the other by a French writer. And the root of the trouble in this instance lies in the fact that, for anyone who reads both these books, much of the educative and enlightening value of Mr. Crocker's careful study of the population problem in Japan is likely to be neutralized by the conclusions set forth in Mr. Peile's easy-reading translation of 'Asia's Teeming Millions,' by Professor Dennery, of the Paris *Institut des Hautes Ecoles Internationales*. Judged by the qualifications of their authors, both books are entitled to be taken seriously by the general reader. Mr. Crocker's monograph represents the result of two years' special research, conducted on Spencerian lines. He applies the technique of demography to the interpretation of facts, collected by theoretical investigation and by travel in Japan, and examines their relations to international affairs. M. Dennery's work sets forth the conclusions and impressions formed during a tour of the Far East. It opens with a foreword by Mr. Harold Cox; the author's style and method of writing suggest the influence of M. André Siegfried, without that writer's precision of detail. Each of these works, considered separately, is of a quality to impress the general reader; taken together, however, their combined effect upon his mind can only be one of bewilderment and an increasing distrust of all conclusions that are based upon statistics.



An idea of the widely divergent conclusions, on fundamentally important questions, presented by these two books, may be gathered from one or two examples. M. Dennery, without quoting his authorities, asserts that the rise in the birth-rate of Japan between 1872 and 1926 is "without parallel in history" and concludes that if the rate of increase cannot be slackened, the only remedy is a rapid development in production. He sees no prospect of any alleviation of the pressure by means of birth control. The simplest solution of the problem, in his opinion, will be found in the extension of her agriculture, with the aid of western skill and methods. Mr. Crocker, while emphasizing the seriousness of the problem, shows by a detailed analysis of authoritative statistics, that a decline in fecundity has manifested itself in recent years. He examines the factors at work which are tending to reduce the marriage-rate and concludes that "the final factor that will operate to lower the birth-rate further still, is the spread of contraception, at least in the urban areas." Finally, as regards agriculture, he proves that the yield per acre in Japan is higher than that of any other rice-growing country in the world and considers it improbable that intensive culture can be pushed much further. "For Japanese agriculture as a whole, mechanization can have but little scope, and less scope still as a solution to the pressure of numbers."

Despite such occasions of bewilderment for the earnest student, it may, however, be all to the good that the schoolmaster abroad should turn his attention to the problems of world population and food supplies. "What you put into the school you get out of the State"; thus in time the civilized world may come to recognize the long-neglected truth that, until the increase of human beings comes under "the deliberate guidance of judicious foresight," as Mill puts it, the overcrowding of congested centres of population must continue to be a root cause of poverty, disease, famine and war.

### BODY AND MIND

*Mind and Matter.* By G. F. Stout. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

THE relation between matter and mind may be approached in either of two ways. On the one hand, we may inquire into the relation of minds to the material world. Our inquiry will then be concerned with what is called the subject-object relation. From this point of view what is correlated with the individual mind, as its object, is the material world in general, of which the extent is apparently infinite both in space and in time. From the other point of view we may take account of mind's connexion with what is comparatively only a minute and insignificant fraction of the material world, i.e., with certain living bodies of men and animals and especially to certain neural processes within them. Our inquiry will then be concerned with what is called the psycho-physical problem of the relations between body and mind. Both lines of inquiry, if resolutely followed, bring us eventually face to face with problems which are essentially the same, and of fundamental importance for our whole view of the universe and of our place in it as mind-endowed beings.

Professor Stout, in the volume before us, prosecutes his inquiry by dealing first with the psycho-physical problem, thereby, in our opinion, improving upon the customary procedure of metaphysicians, who usually begin with the more imposing but less immediately relevant subject-object problem. The inquirer who tackles the psycho-physical problem is first confronted, as Professor Stout observes, with the *prima facie* scientific evidence in favour of materialism, and in dealing with it he has to speak in terms

of causality and other categories of the physical sciences. Whereas the inquirer who starts from the other end may elaborate a grand idealistic system to embrace the world as a whole, and when he comes at last to the more special problem of the relation of a mind to a body, he never gets at close grips with it in the shape in which it presents itself to the scientific inquirer or even to plain common sense. The difficulties having been already metaphysically exorcized, everything is artificially plain sailing.

According to Professor Stout, the relationship of body and mind, as usually put, admits of no satisfactory answer, because it is founded on a false assumption. The supposed contrast between body and mind is an artificial one, due to our habit of regarding as two different things what is in reality one thing. The real contrast is not between body and mind, but between the body as an external object, and the same body as an internal object, i.e., regarded "from inside," from the standpoint of self-consciousness. "What self-consciousness reveals is not mere mind or 'mental phenomena,' but mind and body together in the inseparable unity of the embodied self." Of course, it is obvious that "science" can only deal with the body as an external object, and hence is tempted to regard this side alone of it as being real; while, on the other hand, the philosopher who regards things from the "mental" standpoint cannot see that what are called mental processes are not merely mental but bodily and mental in one. Perhaps it is true that a disembodied mind is a conception "due to the professional metaphysician."

But the priority of the mental to the non-mental—or at least that the mental cannot be conjured out of the non-mental—is the well-argued thesis of this volume. As a philosophic refutation of materialism it is a fine piece of work, and we look forward eagerly to its sequel, which will be entitled 'God and Nature,' and will deal with certain ethical and religious issues as envisaged from the point of view reached in this preliminary treatise.

J. C. HARDWICK

### WAR GUILTINESS

*The Coming of the War: 1914.* By Bernadotte E. Schmitt. Scribners. Two volumes. 30s.

AFTER the spate of propaganda loosed on the American public by the Germanophil professors, these volumes mark a return to the search for truth in history. Whether one still wants to hang the Kaiser, or would have sentence passed on half a dozen of the Allied statesmen, abundant evidence for the prosecution is now available in memoirs and published documents dealing with the war's immediate causes. Either way, to make the case plausible, nothing is required beyond a little industry and a talent for suppression of inconvenient testimony. But, starting without prejudice to discover where responsibility may lie, Mr. Schmitt has set himself a harder task.

From the start, his difficulties are apparent. It is established that a member of the Serbian general staff was in the conspiracy to kill Francis Ferdinand. It is no less sure that individuals in the Serbian Government knew of mischief brewing, and, powerless to stop it, made some unemphatic communication to the Austrian authorities. Beyond this point everything connected with the Sarajevo crime remains obscure. Even had there been no suspicion of an assassination plot, it stood to reason that there might be trouble on the anniversary of Kossovo. Yet, though the minister in charge of Bosnian affairs had received a sort of warning from the Serbian minister, and the Hungarian Premier had advised the Archduke against visiting Bosnia at all, steps taken to preserve order were

inadequate. Allowance for the ordinary slackness of Austrian methods scarcely dissipates the mystery.

When the next stage of the tragedy is reached, the enigmatic figure of Count Tisza commands most attention. Among those who served the Hapsburg monarchy at its period of supreme crisis, he alone was a considerable statesman. Unquestionably, he was a realist. Unlike his feather-headed associates, he had no mind for a war of revenge or domination without some survey of what lay ahead. For the legend in which he ranks with the thwarted champions of pacific policy, there is, however, no foundation. The evidence collected by Mr. Schmitt shows conclusively that he was waiting only for assurance of Germany's support. As soon as it was forthcoming, the Magyar leader added the sharpest touches to that fatal ultimatum which had already been so worded as virtually to exclude chance of its acceptance by Serbia.

With the entry of Germany in the third act, there is again confusion. It still appears correct to say that the Germans began by encouraging their ally towards extremist measures. Before the middle of July, the Emperor William was lamenting that those to whom he had given a blank cheque were so slow in deciding how to use it. Neither he nor his counsellors were at any pains to ascertain the state of Russian sentiment. His conversations with naval officers are proof that he had forgotten England. Efforts he made afterwards to check events merely amount to a condemnation of the part he himself had played in their production. He had expressed indignation at his ambassador's attempt to propagate prudence in Vienna. Bethmann, too, issued instructions against "creating the impression that we wish to hold Austria back." If Kaiser and Chancellor recoiled at the last moment, they were recoiling before a monster of their own construction. William's refusal to countenance military measures on the eve of his voyage to Norway is no indication of a will to peace. In Waldersee's words: "The army was, as always, ready."

Of Russia's response to the challenge from the Central Empires, Mr. Schmitt writes candidly, but there are problems unsolved at the close. That "mobilization means war" is almost an axiom among soldiers. Yet Lord Grey regarded Russian mobilization as nothing but a defensive preparation, and it is perfectly conceivable that the Tsar and his Ministers so intended it. It was, and had been, argued that in their country, on account of its exceptional geography, the army could be mobilized and need not march. On the other hand, it is curious that Sazonov, while informing England of what was being done, should have concealed the truth from France. Did he imagine the news would be read in one way by innocents in London, and in another, more alarming, by politicians in Paris who were better used to hearing and weighing military opinion? But, when all is said, the most baffling puzzle of the fateful weeks is the statement by Henry of Prussia that he had King George's assurance of English neutrality. Mr. Schmitt cannot help us to decide whether the prince let his wishes overcome his wits or whether he lied deliberately in fear that Germany would shirk resort to arms if risk of English intervention had to be assessed.

D. WILLOUGHBY

## EYES AND NO EYES

*Blue Ghost: A Study of Lafcadio Hearn.* By Jean Temple. Cape. 7s. 6d.

AS a boy at school, Lafcadio Hearn had an accident resulting in partial blindness and permanent disfigurement. That the trend and peculiarities of his art are due to visual abnormality is beyond reasonable argument. Obviously, he perceived both more and less than do his fellow-men. Every shape and form which he beheld had been brought into his field of vision by an

effort, often by aid of magnifying glass or telescope, and was, therefore, wonderful. While his descriptions of detail are meticulous even to excess, it is plain in all he wrote for broad effect that finely developed imagination was serving him for lack of common eyes. His very love of colour, and his predilection for blue, were surely fostered by myopia, for, when this worshipper of beauty had put aside his optical instruments, almost everything except the sky's expanse must have been obscure to him. For compensation, his other senses were, of course, richly cultivated. A copy of his lost treatise on perfumes would probably show that his sense of smell was, by common standards, superhuman.

But because one of Hearn's biographers, with intent at belittlement, called him "poet of myopia," his admirers have retaliated by ignoring his infirmity, or by glossing its significance. Once at least, Miss Temple, in her delightful study of the writer and the man, falls into the same error, for she would have us attribute his recurrent musings on 'The Blue Ghost' to unconscious memories from a Mediterranean childhood rather than to limitations of sight. Elsewhere, however, she is wise enough to face the facts. Hearn's "twenty-five diopters of myopia" twisted his genius, but could not strangle it. On the contrary, we owe them some of the most bewitching passages in English prose. As to Hearn's ugliness, Miss Temple makes us realize as never before that it explains, not merely sundry incidents in his career, but his whole private life. A kind friend has said the damaged eye was only a slight defect in his appearance. He himself had a different notion, and was haunted by the thought that women considered him repulsive. In America, he was never at ease except with those who might themselves be thought blemished. Revelling in the company of octoroons he was at infinite pains to restrict to letters a friendship with one charming woman.

It may be doubted whether a Nelson with two arms would have surrendered himself completely to such as Emma Hamilton. Hearn with two eyes might never have sought a bride in Japan. Half Greek and half Irish, though he had an extreme dislike for Jews, he had less than the average share of racial prejudice, and no inborn or acquired antipathy against miscegenation. Still, in his Martinique days, he had learned that to throw himself into an exotic life was not to mix with it mentally. In Japan, he was given far more happiness than he had even glimpsed in his troubled youth, and he owed the larger part of it to a wife trained, as Miss Temple says, "to be solely the dear pleasure of the man." Hearn was honourable, even generous, in his payment of the debt to the woman and her country. Very shrewdly, Miss Temple remarks that the little lady must have been surprised at the, to her, unique phenomena of his tenderness and of his idealization of their relations, though, perhaps not too surprised to turn them to legitimate account. None the less, he was missing certain things he knew to be of his proper heritage. Japan made much of him, and he who had judged himself a pariah was glad of that, but the Japanese could give him no deep thrill and no share in thought. Incurably a European at the core, he was ready in the end to abandon everything he had won if he could find means to educate among others of European origin the one of his children in whom his blood seemed predominant.

## THE PERSIAN MYSTICS

*Tales of Mystic Meaning.* By R. A. Nicholson. Chapman and Hall. 21s.

IF any single book can repudiate the charge that the advent of Islam stifled the Persian literary skill, this latest literary gem of Professor Nicholson will; for in the 'Tales of Mystic Meaning,' he gives no fewer than fifty-one stories from the celebrated Masnavi of



the Moulana Rumi to prove that during the greatest glory of Islam the literature of vanquished Persia was not a whit behind the excellence attained by the Arab singers.

That the wonderful epic of Pre-Islamic Firdousi touched the highest pinnacles of romantic hero-worship may be disregarded in the light of the fact that the *Shanama* retains no permanent hold upon the imaginations of the Middle Eastern Moslems, as does, for instance, the more profound mystical writings of Shams Tabriz, and notably those of the author of the *Masnavi*. The reason is obvious. The mystic-teacher of Konia interpreted the true mind of Eastern philosophy; and his stories were in tune with the spirit of that contemplation which differentiates the Oriental mind from that of any other. The result has been that for centuries to this day the mystical stories of Jalaiddin have acted as the only correct medium for conveying the true Eastern mysticism and deep thoughts as the essence of early Islam. Even the highest forms of Arabic books have not rivalled these tales.

In rendering these tales in the English language the author once again testifies to his acknowledged scholarship in penetrating the mystery of Asia's religious philosophy, which so baffles the Western thinkers. As stories, they are common-place enough, but the reader is advised to let his mind dwell upon their hidden meaning after he has carefully studied the first admirable chapters of the book. Without a clear appreciation of what the Professor has explained in the beginning, the tales will present no meaning to him. In the thoroughness of exposition, and the concise manner of treatment of the vast subject of Sufi thought, the first chapters of this book have no rivals.

IKBAL ALI SHAH

## KING CHARLES

*Royal Charles, Ruler and Rake.* By David Loth. Routledge. 15s.

MR. LOTH'S book is more a character sketch of the most cynical and able of the Stuarts than an adequate biography or history. But within the somewhat effusive limits of hero worship, his Charles emerges as a living personality more or less after the accepted historical model.

The author is most effective in showing the influences that made Charles what he was, a lover of life and the arts, with a satirical sense of humour, completely bereft of all the usual human illusions.

He was early instructed to "beware of too much devotion," for many "in seeming to gain the Kingdom of Heaven have lost their own." He must know "what time to play the king, and when to qualify it, but never put it off. To women you cannot be too civil, especially to great ones." These maxims were driven home during his youth and his exile.

He learned his greatest lesson in Scotland, where the holy Willies of the Free Kirk subjected him to sermons and humiliations of the flesh and the spirit almost beyond human endurance. Charles was bored, and never was he more untrustworthy than when he was bored. He learned to dissimulate, he learned hypocrisy, he learned that there are many means to any given end; and most of all during the Restoration he learned that nothing succeeds like success. "It must surely have been my fault that I did not come before, for I have met with no one to-day who did not protest that he always wished for my restoration."

Charles was probably the most tolerant person in England at that time. Religious persecution was sincerely distasteful to him, and "I am one of those biggots who think that malice is a much greater sin than a poorer frailty of nature."

He was also the most astute of his unruly crew of politicians. "One thing, I desire you to take as much as you can out of the King of France's head, that my ministers are anything but what I will have them." This was, perhaps, slightly more than the truth, but true enough. He was a much wiser and potentially a much greater man than opportunity or reputation allowed him to be, though hardly as great a King as Mr. Loth makes him out to be. He was "weary of travelling," and the fear of exile with all its weary train prevented him from indulging in any ungentelemanly enthusiasms. That was left for James—who was a much less naturally exuberant person.

## SOUTH AFRICA'S ECONOMIC HISTORY

*An Economic History of South Africa.* By D. M. Goodfellow. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

WHAT will be the position of South Africa when the Rand Mines cease to produce? That is a question which seems to spring naturally from Mr. Goodfellow's survey of her economic past. If, as the experts tell us, the Rand Mines have at most another forty years of life, the Union is faced with the problem of providing for its economic existence two generations hence. Before the Rand discoveries, the four provinces which now constitute the Union were mainly dependent upon agriculture; gold and diamonds revolutionized the economic situation; they helped agriculture, induced railway development, and with the realization that they cannot go on for ever, have encouraged an intensive effort to build up secondary industries under protective tariffs. The relations of farmer-settlers and the natives, the relations of both to the railway and the mining interests, the purpose of Governments on the one hand to promote agricultural interests by making the mines contribute of their wealth, and on the other to foster manufactures against the day when the mines are exhausted, involves economic entanglements which Mr. Goodfellow's patient research has sought to unravel. Customs tariffs, originally imposed for revenue, have become definitely protectionist. State expenditure has increased out of all proportion to the increase in national income. Apart from her minerals, South Africa, except in favoured parts widely separated, is a poor and difficult country. A rapidly increasing native population has lost much and learned much from the whites. Dependent upon the export of her wheat, her wool, her maize, her fruit and her wines, can South Africa hope to sell if she does not buy? Can secondary industries compensate her if primary interests suffer? Already she feels the need of new markets, and these will be increasingly difficult to find unless she has orders to place in exchange. Mr. Goodfellow's pages, helpfully retrospective, invite serious thinking on the prospect.

## AID FOR FARMERS

*A New Policy for Agriculture.* By F. N. Blundell. Allan. 7s. 6d.

MR. F. N. BLUNDELL is at once a sound agriculturist and a good hater. For Liberals and Labour folk, and all their works, he has little more than contempt; a Conservative he defines as a Nationalist who believes in the "aristocratic principle," dislikes foreigners in his heart, distrusting their customs and practices, suspects experts, and would select amateurs for the conduct of national and municipal affairs. Conservatism, he tells us, is an attitude of mind which often results in apparently inconsistent actions. It follows that he has no hesitation in offering his policy to the Conservative Party of to-morrow as a cure for the ills under which the land is labouring to-day. He does not

flinch from facing the probable effects of Protection or a subsidy, and can see no reason why the British consumer should not submit to a rise in the price of the loaf.

Mr. Blundell strains his case now and again, as, for example, when he tells us that old-age pensions and provision for sickness are State schemes which were "merely copied, without acknowledgment, from the voluntary practice of good rural estates." He also says that the farmers who bought their land suffer because they were under-capitalized "often owing to the intervention of a land speculator." Compulsory purchase must have escaped his notice. He claims a partial remission of death duties for the benefit of the landowner, and thinks that if agricultural land paid no death duty at all, it would be better for the country. Further, he says that the Smallholdings Act of 1926 is the most comprehensive and generous that has yet been passed, but he ignores the power that it confers on unprogressive county councils to keep potential smallholders from the land. He does not agree that co-operation has been a failure in England "except in the sense that hitherto the farmer members of a co-operative society have usually failed to co-operate"; apparently Mr. Blundell's sense of humour is undeveloped.

The author's honesty is shown by his stressed belief that organization should precede Protection, lest Protection should fail materially to benefit the producer. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who contributes a preface to this outspoken volume, does not share this opinion, and could not be expected to do so. On the contrary, he considers that immediate steps must be taken to protect the farmer from unrestricted continental competition.

It is not difficult to find a few errors of fact, and still more easy to discover what appear to be definite errors of judgment in this brief, spirited essay on land problems, but Mr. Blundell has the courage of his convictions. He does not shirk any issues, and consequently his book is worth reading, even by those who may find themselves unable to accept his conclusions.

### A PROBLEM IN PREJUDICE

*Trial of Dr. Smethurst.* Edited by L. A. Parry. Hodge. 10s. 6d.

ALTHOUGH the Smethurst case had a number of strange features, which, on the morrow of its hearing, were widely canvassed in the medical and general Press, it was soon, and conveniently, forgotten by the public. As an episode in the history of British justice, it cannot, indeed, be complacently recalled. Smethurst, a retired doctor, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death in 1859, for the murder of his bigamously married bride. At the police-court, the Home Office expert had deposed to presence of arsenic in a bottle belonging to the accused. When a second test was made, it was found that the arsenic had actually been introduced by the analyst's implements. The blunder was acknowledged at the Old Bailey, but not, perhaps, in time to allay the prejudice it had inflamed. Most of the remaining evidence on both sides was medical, and so contradictory that nothing positive could be deduced from it. Baron Pollock, however, summed up strongly against the prisoner. Whereas the technical witnesses had annihilated one another, the judge was firm and clear on morals. "Depend upon it, gentlemen," he declared, "no lasting affection or love can ever endure unless it is founded on the basis of virtue and is sanctioned by religion."

The verdict was a sort of corollary to this saying. The jury appear to have decided that Smethurst must have wanted to be rid of an illicit partner, and had,

therefore, killed her. No poison had been traced to his possession. It was questionable whether the woman had been poisoned. Yet, as the editor of this volume observes, counsel for the defence himself must have yielded to the pervading bias. With as good material as can ever have been handed to an advocate, his speech reads like the apology of a man who will be glad to be relieved of his brief as soon as possible. Eventually, and largely through the intervention of John Bright, the Home Secretary was induced to order a reprieve and then to grant a free pardon. If, after three months under sentence of death, some compensation had been awarded to the wretched doctor, it might not have been unreasonable. Instead, he was condemned to a year's hard labour for his bigamy.

### BOLSHEVIK INTRIGUE

*The Fugitive Bolsheviks.* By Elemér Mályusz. Grant Richards. 12s. 6d.

THE author of this attack on the men who fled from Hungary, on the fall of Béla Kun, is Professor of Hungarian History at the University of Szeged, but his method in the present book is not particularly historical; rather is it violently, almost hysterically, polemical, and although it might be followed and approved by those of his countrymen personally acquainted with the facts, its appeal to English readers unfamiliar with the facts and personally uninterested in their incidence will be slight. Had Professor Mályusz been more constrained in manner and more consecutive in narrative, his story of the intrigues of "The Emigrants" against the autocracy which succeeded their misrule would have had far more international value than it has. As it is, we have to gather the scattered threads of his story as best we may, and winnow the facts of the Bolshevik intrigue, often well-documented enough, from the Professor's conjectures with regard to the assistance given the fugitives by the Little Entente. There is a certain school of political thought that for some unknown reason looks upon Hungary not as the evil genius of the Dual-Monarchy that she was but as the well-meaning victim of a tragedy in which she was an accidental participant. For her present plight she has no one but herself to thank, and the dislike, active and passive, shown to her by all her neighbours was earned during the years of her arrogance; and if those who hate her favour the Emigrants, it is not necessarily because they believe in their honesty of purpose, or in the beneficence of their message, but because they believe that a proletarian republic on their borders would be a safer neighbour than a Magyar aristocracy, which is the old kingdom in all but name. Probably in the whole world no people were more unfitted for Soviet Government than were the Hungarians, and it is a sense of this unfitness that Professor Mályusz voices. But he is too little of the historian to tell the full tale coherently.

### BIBLICAL HISTORY

*Joshua and Judges.* By John Garstang. Constable. 20s.

SINCE the war, the archæologists have been busy in Palestine, with the Bible in one hand and a spade in the other. For seven years Professor Garstang directed the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem and the Department of Antiquities in Palestine. He has been particularly interested in the records of the invasion and occupation of the country by Israel, and has conducted special researches to discover what archæological evidence there might be to confirm or discredit the narratives in the books of



'Joshua' and 'Judges.' There certainly seems to be some discrepancy between the two accounts given by these respective books. 'Joshua,' which is the later compilation, seems to represent the conquest as a fairly speedy and complete affair. 'Judges,' on the other hand, which in the opinion of scholars embodies a great deal of very ancient material in the way of folk-tale and so on, makes it appear that the penetration of the country by Israel was a slow and gradual business with many setbacks, and in the end was only very imperfectly achieved.

In 1928 Professor Garstang took the trouble to visit every identified site mentioned in the oldest portions of the narrative, both in 'Joshua' and 'Judges'; while three selected cities, Jericho, Ai and Hazor, were examined more thoroughly with the spade. In the case of these latter, evident traces were discovered of destruction at an undetermined date, near the middle of the Late Bronze Age, i.e., at the close of the fifteenth century B.C. Under any chronological system which can reasonably be advanced, the date of Israel's invasion and settlement falls within the period 1500-1100 B.C., when the country was ruled by Egypt as a portion of its Syrian Empire, and Professor Garstang maintains that Egyptian history supplies a frame into which the invasion narrative fits. In 'Judges,' for example, we hear repeatedly the refrain, which recurs after each hair-raising episode, that "the land had rest"—forty years or otherwise as the case might be. These are made by Professor Garstang to correspond with the varying fortunes of the Egyptian Empire. The sack of Jericho took place in a time of apathy and military eclipse, but in general the "oppressions" took place when Egypt was weak, and the period of rest corresponded to periods when Egyptian authority was re-established. Thus the chronological outline fits into the known history of the period as derived from the records of Egypt, of which empire Palestine was a part.

Professor Garstang's book is rendered even more interesting by a large number of photographs of the country and the sites mentioned, taken by him upon the spot. Altogether biblical students will find much to interest them in this exhaustive book.

## THE DARDANELLES

*The Question of the Straits.* By P. P. Graves. Benn. 10s. 6d.

FOR centuries the problem of the Straits has been a matter of the highest international importance because the Power which controls the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus has in its hands the easiest means of communication from Europe to Asia, and it can permit or deny maritime passage between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. Turkey secured that control at the end of the fifteenth century, Russia definitely became a Black Sea Power in 1774 and the Treaty of the Dardanelles, signed in 1809, laid down that the ships of war of all foreign nations were to be forbidden to enter the Channel of Constantinople. Russia, especially in later pre-war years, always objected to this arrangement; England, often supported by Germany, approved of it and, after the armistice, the Bolshevik Government reversed the previous Muscovite Policy and favoured the closing of the Straits to all ships of war.

The Treaty of Lauzanne arrived at a compromise, and of late little has been heard about the Straits. But the present arrangements are unlikely to be more than provisional; it is therefore essential to read and to study Mr. Graves's authoritative, comprehensive and excellent book. The author, for some years the

Correspondent of *The Times* in the Near East, briefly describes the attempts which have been made since the beginning of history to solve the problem under discussion. The whole volume is of immense importance, but clearly its sections dealing with the period subsequent to the active entry of Germany into the Eastern diplomatic arena in 1889 will be of greatest interest to the average reader.

The book has several and rarely to be found merits. Mr. Graves not only alludes to all the necessary history: he includes a great deal of new material. He is quite impartial and his work is right up-to-date. In short, the future can only be understood and foreseen by a careful study of the three thousand years of history now provided for us in a very readable form.

## MODERN JAPAN

*Realism in Romantic Japan.* By Miriam Beard. Cape. 18s.

*Yofuku: or, Japan in Trousers.* By Sherard Vines. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

THESE two books which manifest a not dissimilar view of modern social aspirations in Japan, at any rate as regards labour and female emancipation, provide an interesting contrast in the temperaments of two foreign observers of that country. Miss Beard, in rather urgently "colourful" fashion, is at some pains to remind her fellow-countrywomen of the United States that American "view-point" and the cruder feminist assumptions are not everywhere paramount. In this long and painstaking study, never quite free of the lecture-room clichés which she endeavours facetiously to controvert, she does succeed in giving a fairly well-proportioned estimate of the reality underlying the claims of emancipation, the place of the geisha and the *moga* in Japanese life of to-day.

It is perhaps characteristic of the more openly personal impressions offered by Mr. Vines that he is not deterred from criticism of the physically unsavoury aspects of Japanese life by laborious concern for the consequences of plain-speaking. For his principal animus is against—not the old "foreign devil" hating nationalism, but the priggish exploitation of spurious modernism, "Yofuku, with its urbanism, its moral poses, its gutterpress, 'patriotic' broadcasting and racial self-consciousness." On the genuine countryside he experienced friendliness among peasants. "I have generally found them, not only in Japan but in France and Germany, well-disposed, and that real bitterness was distilled by the bourgeois, upper and lower, and also from that type that has been truculent from the time of Surtees onwards, the Cockney rustic." It follows from his dislike of the "uplift" cant adopted by the "yellow" Japanese Press to cover up scandals that Mr. Vines should express particular abhorrence of that type of foreign visitor before whom such face-saving protestations would seem to be required, notably American missionaries.

Such objections come with all the more force from one who is evidently alive to shortcomings in his own country. And he pays a particular tribute to the Japanese woman's natural penchant for beautiful deportment, though the manners of Japanese men do not excite his praise. There is, too, in this crisp and sprightly volume some attempt to account for the national disposition to self-sacrifice by suicide, since the elimate is apparently regarded as conducive to the mood in which the world-famous *hara-kiri* is committed. But beyond the conventional explanation of the traditional cult of vindicating personal honour neither of these books throws any new light upon this strangely significant phenomenon.

## SHORTER NOTICES

*Glimpses of South America.* By E. S. Handasyde. Hartley. 8s. 6d.

THE writer of this book has nothing new to tell us about South America, but he has given a very readable account of what he saw in a journey from Ecuador, through Bolivia, down to Buenos Aires. The volume contains more than one quite useful piece of information for the intending traveller to these countries, and it can be recommended to him. On the other hand, some readers would feel more in sympathy with Mr. Handasyde if he were not quite so certain that his attitude towards the Almighty is the right one, and such sentences as "perhaps before the glittering candle of their life flickers out they may come to know of Him who is the Light of the World" are decidedly out of place in a work of this nature.

*Lucian, Plato and Greek Morals.* By John Jay Chapman. Oxford: Blackwell. 6s.

MR. CHAPMAN has rediscovered Lucian, and is to be heartily congratulated. A few years ago a well-known American poet burst in on a luncheon party with an equally happy discovery; he had come upon an unknown writer named Shelley. Pater said most of what is to be said about Lucian and said it well. Mr. Whibley filled any gaps excellently. Mr. Chapman only emphasizes the modern outlook of Lucian's criticism. Another part of his book is devoted to the reading of Plato with fresh eyes, and the result is that he is horrified at the homosexuality which our Victorian scholars have explained away with some difficulty. Our author also takes a hand in the old controversy of Plato versus Xenophon on the character of Socrates. A lively and interesting book.

*Rome at Close Quarters.* By J. W. Poynter. Epworth Press. 3s. 6d.

THIS little book is a quite good pendant to the recent discussion in our columns on Infallibility. The author, brought up as a Congregationalist without any basis in doctrine for his religious belief, became a Roman Catholic in search of a fixed foundation for it. After many years he found that the facts of history were incompatible with the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, and with the rejection of this he was forced to leave the communion, though he has not, like many others, adopted the attitude of pure secularism. It is a very convincing story.

*The Travels of an Alchemist.* Translated by Arthur Waley. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

THE alchemist is Ch'ang-ch'un, a Taoist teacher, who crossed Asia from the Pacific Coast to Afghanistan at the order of Chingiz Khan. His alchemy seems to have been purely transcendental, for when asked for an elixir of immortality he replied: "I have a means of protecting life, but no elixir of immortality." Mr. Waley has made a special study of the history of medieval Taoism, with the result that not only have we the story of a journey among widely varying customs and races picturesquely described, but that every point is elucidated with scholarly care. Mr. Waley's versions of Chinese poetry have taken a high place in modern literature; works like the present volume, and his incidental studies in the history of Chinese science, will widen and enhance his reputation.

*Antonio Panizzi.* By Constance Brooks. Manchester University Press. 10s. 6d.

MISS BROOKS has done well to rescue Panizzi from the oblivion into which he had fallen, and her

book gives a very full and readable account not only of the man himself, but also of the background against which he moved. The author does justice to Panizzi's excellent work for the British Museum, and she also traces his influence on the movement which resulted in the unification of Italy. It was, as she very clearly shows, Panizzi who interested Gladstone on behalf of the Italian cause, while she quotes evidence to prove that Palmerston relied upon the librarian for information on this matter. In fact, the dual personality of Panizzi the librarian, and Panizzi the politician, is extremely well brought out, and the result is a full-length portrait of the man which does great credit to his biographer. The present volume is described as the first of an Italian series to be published by Manchester University, and after such an excellent beginning the succeeding books will be eagerly awaited.

*Sailing the Seas: A Survey of Seafaring Through the Ages.* By E. Keble Chatterton. Chapman and Hall. 18s.

TOWARDS the close of his spirited review of the sailing ship through the ages, Mr. Chatterton points out that in effect we are further to-day from the early nineteenth century than the latter was from Tudor days, and if he had said from the days of the Roman cargo ships he would still have been substantially correct. Steam and iron have made a bigger break in the tradition of seafaring than any change here recorded, for the evolution of the East-Indiaman and the clipper ship is shown to us without a break, going on steadily from the time when the Egyptians' river boats first put out to sea. It is a long and a great tale that Mr. Chatterton tells, packed with interest, particularly for those familiar with the use of oar and sail; for not only does he describe the ships of the antique world, he also explains how they were worked. Particularly detailed is his description of Greek voyaging, and of the later Roman developments of their merchant ships, which were in rig the true forerunners of the medieval carack. The book is finely illustrated and it is remarkable how fully the sequence of shipbuilding can be followed pictorially, though of course towards the end of Mr. Chatterton's period the illustrations grow in number.

## 'BLACKWOOD' SEPTEMBER.

**The Road Northwards.** By Richard Fisher.

**Reminiscences of a Latter-Day Sailing-Ship Owner.** By Sir William Garthwaite, Bart.

**The Bamb-Parasta.** A Story of Progress. By Lieut.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

I. The Laurence Gardens. II. Old Friends in Lahore. III. The 'Bright Star of the Panjab.' IV. Bamboo Back-shish. V. Back to the Army again.

**A Shooting Trip in Cyprus.** By Red-Leg.

**Summer in Labrador.** By the Hon. Robert Gathorne-Hardy.

**The Seven Rivers.** By P. S. Nazarroff.

**Some Book-Hunting Adventures.—XVI.** By R. S. Garnett. Friend Truscott—A Voyage with 'The Wandering Jew.'

Subscribers both at Home and Abroad can have 'Blackwood's Magazine' sent by post monthly for 30s. yearly, or 15s. for six months.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS LTD.,  
45 George Street, 37 Paternoster Row,  
Edinburgh, London.



*The Primitive Mind and Modern Civilization.*  
By C. R. Aldrich. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

IN this survey of man's civilization from its earlier stages to the present moment, the author lays stress on the psychological influence of race and evidently traces all civilization back to the gregariousness inherent in human nature. Therefore, he urges that psychology should seek the close collaboration of anthropology. Incidentally, he writes contemptuously of the more imaginative theories of Freud and his disciples, calling the Freudian conception of the "cave man" a myth, and finding in childish hostility to the father no sensually inspired jealousy but merely a dislike of correctional discipline, and in the love for the mother only the attraction of the softer and pleasanter things in life. Morality is a matter of convention which must be accepted and observed by every member of the tribe or nation in order to preserve internal harmony. Such conventions may and do differ as between different social units. It matters not what may be the system in each, so long as the regulations laid down by it are observed. Non-observance must be repressed as an anti-social act, tending towards disruption of the social unit.

*Joachim of Flora.* By Henry Bett. Methuen. 6s.

THE early years of the thirteenth century were disturbed by rumours of two books—'The Everlasting Gospel' and 'The Three Impostors'—one of which never existed until some centuries later a book was written to fit the title; the other, if it ever existed, seems to have been compiled from the writings of Joachim of Flora half a century after his death, in view of the end of the Dispensation expected at the year 1260, and to serve as a weapon in the struggle for Evangelical Poverty. Joachim lived through the twelfth century, a teacher and a prophet, and inspired later on such diverse minds as Dante, Rienzi, and George Sand. His doctrine of religious development "is strikingly recurrent in the Christian Church." Mr. Bett's treatment of his subject is singularly able; it ranks with the best short monographs of our time. Clearly written, well arranged, accurate, it carries the reader along irresistibly—provided he is interested in either history or religion.

*Social Problems and Policy during the Puritan Revolution, 1640-1660.* By Margaret James. Routledge. 21s.

IT is no exaggeration to say that this book would be twice as good were it half its present length. The author has undoubtedly made a real contribution to historical knowledge in showing so clearly that the failure of the Commonwealth on its economic side was the chief factor in bringing about the Restoration, but she would have strengthened her narrative enormously had she relegated to footnotes much of the evidence which she has incorporated in the text; while her practice of placing all the notes together at the end of the volume is an irritating one. For the rest, the work cannot be too highly praised, and it must modify previous judgments upon the period of which it treats. Miss James completely proves her contention that the Interregnum, from an economic and social point of view, does mark a very definite parting of the ways in English history, and its record will certainly repay the study of historians. In fine, the book is a piece of remarkably sound scholarship, and it is to be hoped that the author will continue her labours in this field.

Correspondents are asked to type or to write their letters on one side only of the paper. Very heavy pressure on space compels us also to request that they keep their letters as short as possible.

## NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

(H.M.V.)

- C. 2232. 'Potpourri of Famous Melodies' (Rebracht). Mark Weber and his Orchestra.
- B. 3902. 'Fantasy Rumanesco' (Stefanescu). 'Countess Manitz' (Selection), (Kalman). Alfred Rode and his Tzigane Orchestra.
- C. 2253. 'Florodora.' Vocal Gems. Light Opera Company.
- D. 1998-1999. 'Nursery Suite.' Sir Edward Elgar, conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.

(COLUMBIA)

- D.B. 559. A Musical Confession: 'Sing a Song of England.' Flotsam and Jetsam, with Piano.
- D.B. 560. 'Would You Take Me Back Again?' (De Rose and Solman). 'We Two' (Campbell, Connelly and Payne). Layton and Johnstone.
- C.B. 314. 'Blaze Away.' One Step (Kennedy and Holzmänn). 'When We Went Strolling Round the Town.' One Step (Castling and Kennedy). Debroy Somers's Band, with Vocal Refrain by Dan Donovan.
- C.B. 315. 'The Wedding of the Garden Insects.' Fox Trot (Sarony). 'The Way to Paradise.' Fox Trot. Theme Song, 'Le Chemin du Paradis' (Heymann). April Jazz Orchestra of Paris.
- C.B. 317. 'My Brother Makes the Noises for the Talkies.' (Amberg, Raymond and Bernauer). 'Skin' a' Ma' Link the Sergeant' (Fred Godfrey). Jack Payne and his B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, with chorus and patter.

One of our customers had his pocket picked in the train between Bologna and Ravenna, and lost his letter-case with nearly £40—a swift, neat job. Two days later the police were able to tell him that the remnants of his case had been picked up on the line. All the Italian notes had been taken out (£4 odd) and the case thrown out of the window; an express had evidently run over it as it lay open on the line, for £25 in the Westminster Bank's Travellers Cheques had been slashed into ribbons. (Curiously, a secret pocket with two Bank of England notes was undamaged).

The point is that the thief took the Italian notes, but dared not risk changing the Travellers Cheques; had our customer been carrying all foreign money, his loss would have been nearer £30 than £4.

## WESTMINSTER BANK

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## THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—XLVII

This week, a little early in the year, the morning travellers in town and country observed the slight mist and felt the premonitory chill which are the unmistakable signs that Autumn is upon us. This untimely invasion of one season by another is a fitting subject for a poet's meditation, and the SATURDAY REVIEW therefore offers a Prize of Three Guineas for the best Short Poem, not exceeding Fifty lines, on the subject of the Autumn that Comes Too Soon.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. The entries must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

The closing date of this Competition will be Monday, September 28, and it is hoped to publish the results in November.

### RESULT OF COMPETITION XXXVI

#### JUDGE'S REPORT

Entries for this competition were few, and I must conclude that need for a dignified and inspiring ceremony of civil marriage is not widely realized as yet. Bluebird sent several suggestions worth considering. Instead of making bride and bridegroom pronounce the familiar and ineluctable "I will" when asked if they will always remain, and do their duty to one another, in wedlock, she tells the man to answer "I will strive my utmost to fulfil that ideal," and the woman to say "I will do my best." If marriage is, for any reason, a terminable contract, it may be well to acknowledge this frankly from the first, and the innovation strikes me as wise and honourable. But when the same competitor bids the Registrar to exclaim "Hail! wedded love, mysterious source of human offspring," I enter a caveat. Even if marriages are made in heaven, human sense of humour must be taken into account when devising forms for their solemnization. Also, I think Bluebird is wrong to insist on the contracting parties producing certificates of health. On this point, more clarity of thought is required. The modern State should not assume that parenthood is a wedding's inevitable result.

Less venturesome, Bene did not go much beyond paraphrasing a shortened form of the Anglican service. Very unfairly, he made the woman promise to uphold her husband "in prosperity and adversity," while failing to extract a like promise from the man. Writing that the Registrar might "offer some words of advice to the newly married," he left too much to a hard-working official. Bene should himself have supplied the exhortation.

W. H. B. B. kept yet closer to the Book of Common Prayer, as witnesses his assertion that marriage has been ordained: "First, for the procreation of children." In my opinion, he errs by touching on that controversial issue in a laic ceremony, for the State's anxiety to increase the birth-rate is at least dubious. On the other hand, I commend his suggestion that the Registrar wear "a decent black gown."

Since none of the forms received appear suitable for actual use, I advise the Editor to withhold the prizes offered and to give a consolation prize of two guineas to Bluebird for having submitted some interesting ideas and having suggested a comic picture.

### RESULT OF COMPETITION XXXIX

#### JUDGE'S REPORT

Thanks to a host of willing helpers, Lilian has now a large number of sonnets, more or less in the Rupert Brooke manner, from which she can select one or

more to be read by her fiancé before she makes her unwilling flight with him to Paris. The three I like best have been written for her by Lamsilon, Ciel, and Innisfree. I would have awarded top marks to each of them; but I must think of Lilian. Although, as stated in our issue of July 4, the young woman has consented to the journey, I have a fancy she will be glad if, at the eleventh hour, her aviator absolves her of the promise. The note of bold resolution struck by Lamsilon as a conclusion to fourteen lines of careful psycho-analysis may, consequently, be a defect from her point of view. Ciel's sonnet, on the contrary, ensures cancellation of the trip, and I have, therefore, to recommend it for First Prize. Second Prize should be sent to Innisfree. Her poem will certainly please the man, and, if there be any softness in his heart, will have good effect.

Binkie was amusing, and Pedro wrote an admirable last line: "Forsaking earth to find more radiant heaven." Celtico appeared to have forgotten his model, but his

She fled not love  
And yet, strange irony, from love did fly

deserves quotation. From the masculine point of view, anyhow, Petit-Will marred an excellent sonnet by suggesting that she would be brave for the honour of her sex rather than because of love. Sylvestris, Noel Archer, and Aries were not quite in the first flight this time, but all three earned creditable mention.

#### FIRST PRIZE

If I should fly, think only this of me,  
That there's some corner of the upper air  
That is for ever Lilian. There will be  
A spot where her poor soul was stripped and bare,  
Where courage oozed from out her tremulous toes,  
Where, with convulsive hands, she clasped her seat,  
And first her hair and then her stomach rose,  
And things occurred that no one must repeat.

And think, this heart, all loving shed away,  
An ache in the eternal void, no more,  
Shall to your pleading evermore be deaf;  
Shall hold that men are trash, and shall assay  
One yard of solid English ground before  
All the fiancés in the R. A. F.

CIEL

#### SECOND PRIZE

If I should fly, think only this of me;  
That there's some corner of my falt'ring heart  
That whispers "Folly, folly!" Yet my plea  
Doth move thee not. Wherefore I play the part  
That Love dictates, while Wisdom knits her brow.  
And yielding all my life to this mad scheme,  
I try once more to prove to thee, just how  
To please thee is the essence of my dream.

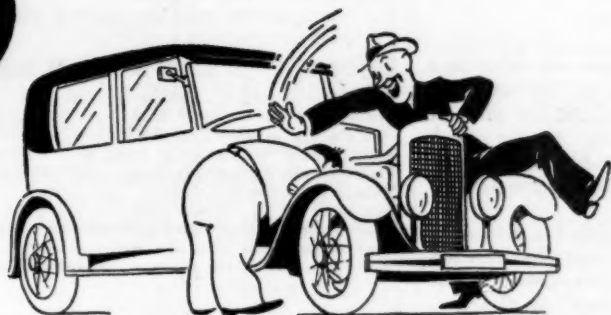
And think, should those ill-fated wings that bear  
Our bodies far above the haunts of men,  
Bear us aloft only to cast us down,  
That I shall be content with thee to share  
Disaster, even death. For well I ken  
That we shall crash to earth—unless we drown!

INNISFREE

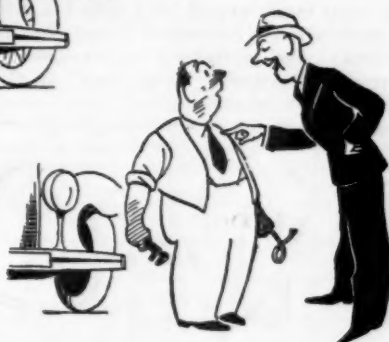
A number of solutions to competitions are disqualified every week because they reach the Editor too late for adjudication. Competitors are asked to note the closing dates of the competitions and to post their solutions in good time.



**'BP'**  
**RHYMES**  
**OF THE**  
**ROAD**

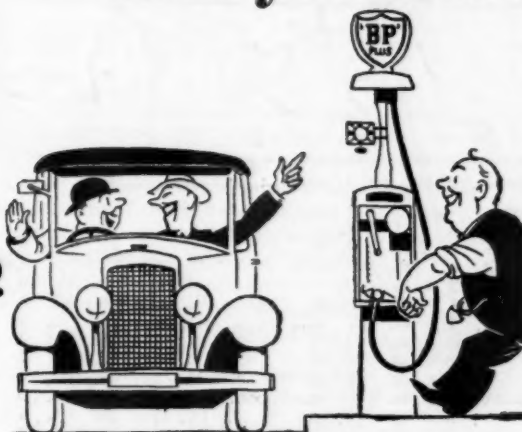


**Hey diddle diddle!**  
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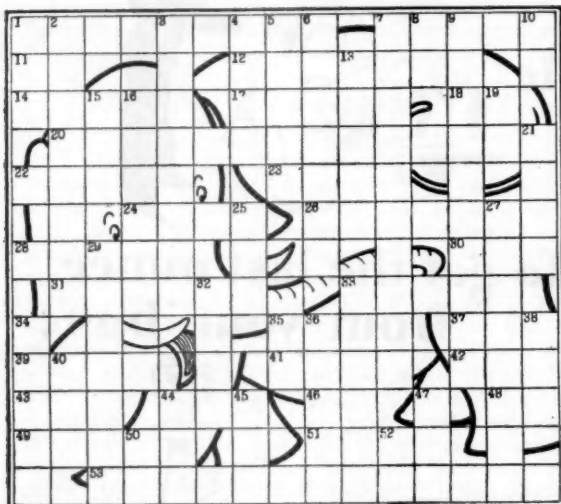
# RHYMING CROSS WORD—IX

("THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD")

By AFRIT

A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.



References (Verse and Line of "The Laird of Gowrie"):

Across.				Down.			
1.	II, 3	31.	III, 9	1.	IV, 6	25.	I, 1
7.	V, 3	33.	II, 2	2.	IV, 4	27.	III, 6
11.	I, 3	35.	II, 5	3.	II, 4	29.	I, 5, 6
12.	III, 2, 3	37.	I, 2	4.	I, 2	32.	IV, 10
14.	IV, 8	39.	III, 9	5.	VI, 2	33.	VI, 3
17.	II, 1	41.	IV, 5	6.	III, 7	34.	I, 3
18.	IV, 10	42.	I, 3	7.	II, 3	35.	II, 2
20.	V, 2	43.	I, 2	8.	I, 1	36.	VI, 1
22.	I, 3	44.	IV, 12	9.	II, 2	38.	IV, 9
23.	IV, 12	46.	V, 6	10.	III, 2	40.	I, 5
24.	V, 5	48.	I, 5	13.	IV, 11	44.	I, 6
26.	IV, 1	49.	V, 6	15.	III, 5	45.	I, 6
28.	II, 5	51.	IV, 9	16.	IV, 7	47.	I, 2
30.	I, 4	53.	IV, 2	19.	III, 6	50.	VI, 6
				21.	I, 6	52.	VI, 6

## CLUES

NOTE.—The mark / after a number means that the clue must be divided between two or more words.

## THE LAIRD OF GOWRIE

I

The Laird of Gowrie will 25-orr-8 come  
43/-altcoats, t-8-n in 47-shire, from the 4 of 37,  
With 34, 42rev, 25 11-d 22-ine,  
The third his son, a boy of 30 or nine;  
Th-40rev/-h-48 three his daughters, tall and s-part20,  
Rest29-ters with 21-s of cream and d-44d 45rev hair.

II

The 17, a soldi-48 when Victoria was queen,  
33a/-35d now 9 had been;  
7d through eating 1a  
Instead of butt-48; featur-35d 3,  
With ey-35a/-stere, 28/-etrant and keen  
As when he was a soldi-48 of the Queen.

III

The 17 (he was 39-nally hard up)  
In orde-10rev/-hat his family might part12  
Rest12-ed all the had, his shirt he'd even sent  
To Uncle, and his sole in-27

Was an old overcoat with many a 15rev-t.  
(His artificial 27, of cour-19  
I mean, though as 11 6 the force  
Of artificial's strained to such a stage, it  
Would take a 31-39 to gauge it.)

IV

The 17, whos-26/ for one acknowledge,  
Was 53-d when at college  
With classic learning, and, to say the least  
Could tell a trochee from 11 2;  
But classics a-15rev-t 41/-eful when you feel  
That nothing 1d-ters but a good, square meal:  
They brin-16/-s of pottage when you've felt  
Grea-14/-ish, 35a-like, beneath your belt.  
You can't 51 on classics, 38-k my word,  
When something from the 32' 18rev/-uch preferred:  
That 13 once was king of Troy, and chub  
'S the same as 23-44a-48, won't do for grub!

V

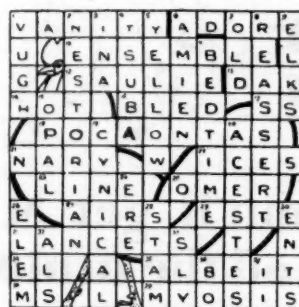
Criminals are fortunate, for they  
Well-fed in 20 stay.  
"I 7a them happy," said the 17 25/-e,  
"It's su-23/-ery simple life, you see:  
A 24 of money's saved, you must agree,  
When you've been 49-d by some benign 46."

VI

36/-ctical a view of doing time  
Would only cause conti-5-e of crime;  
So ere I close the 38d (turn the tap)  
One final word I've got to say (verb. sap.)  
I'd rather you did not a single clue lose,  
So make an 44a by mentioning the 50-52-s.

(If there is, or was, such a person as the Laird of Gowrie,  
I don't mean him.—AFRIT.)

## "CHANTICLEER" SOLUTION



## NOTES

### Across.

1. 'Richard II,' II, 1.
6. Varro says, "oro ab ore"; hence perhaps the Roman method of adoration (akin to the Jewish).
10. Tout and ensemble when together.
12. Scots: "A hired mourner" (Mark v, 38).
13. Half dak-oit.
14. (b) Hot-spur, Harry Percy (1 and 2, 'Henry IV').
16. 'Julius Caesar,' III, 1.
17. "Pay their s-hot-s."
18. Poca(h)ontas of Virginia was baptized "Rebecca," and married John Rolfe.
21. (a) nary one; (b) part of de-nary.
23. "The Line": Royal Academy; (b) geometry.
25. Not a misn-omer for a Hebrew measure.
27. (a) In persons who give themselves airs; (b) music.
29. See Chambers's Biographical Dictionary.

### Down.

31. 1 Kings xviii, 26.
35. (a) "even if"; (b) becomes albert.
1. (a) Contains ug, a surfeit; (b) sometimes spelt rug.
2. Pertaining to (a) Nestor; (b) Nestorius.
3. (a) Of Wessex, 689; (b) begins ina-ne and ina-pl.
6. Amien(s): 'As You Like It.'
7. "Old" Nestor.
15. Ceraunium, "thunder-stone."
20. Roman fable (Æneid V).
24. (a) "before"; (b) ere-mite.
- 26-30. Antony's appreciation of Brutus ('Julius Caesar,' V, 5).
28. Worse confused, becomes mast, which can be "stepped."
33. 'Taming of the Shrew': Prologue.
- 36-37. Bo-ji ("Gallic War").

RESULT OF RHYMING CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. VIII  
The winner is Miss E. Hearnden, 24 Chalgrove Road, Sutton, who has chosen for her prize 'Faust,' by Willy Pogany (Baker's Great Bookshop, 7s. 6d.).



## THIS WEEK

Saved on the Brink of the Precipice

By THE EDITOR

Things Irish and Non-Irish in Ireland

By GEORGE BUCHANAN

Problems of Faith and Life

By CHANCELLOR R. J. CAMPBELL

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The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears.

## RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 491

Twelfth of our Thirty-sixth Quarter.

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, September 3)

IN WHICH TWO SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS SHALL WE THESE LINES DISCOVER :—

"OH PALE, PALE NOW, THOSE ROSY LIPS"; "TO SEE HER IS TO LOVE HER"?

1. Of a butterfly-orchis you need but one-third.
2. Lop at both ends a clown who's a common French bird.
3. Not contentious, but always prepared for a broll.
4. What we know of the past's largely due to his toil.
5. Her rank may be high, yet her tail off must come.
6. How oft ere we see it we hear its loud hum!
7. In a hundred, says SHAW, one that's good you may find.
8. Last scene in the drama of poor humankind.
9. Town of India restored to the English by France.
10. Kind angel; we all must take part in his Dance.
11. You may say that it's sung or may take it as said.
12. Oppression plus cruelty let us behold.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 489

T ooth-a Che	1 A Spanish wine of a deep-red colour.
A nima L	2 David put his hand in his bagge, and
I mp Otent <sup>1</sup>	tooke out a stone, and slang it, and
L ampligh T	smote the Philistim in his forehead,
CO ac H	that the stone sticked in his forehead,
R acehors E	and he fell groveling to the earth. So
Spontaneous	David overcame the Philistim with a
G oliat H <sup>2</sup>	sling and with a stone.
no O - Oker	1 Sam. xvii. 49. (Geneva Bible).
O versee R	3 The Common Elder is <i>Sambucus nigra</i> ,
S ambucu S <sup>3</sup>	L.
E fet E	

ACROSTIC No. 489.—The winner is "Barberry," Miss D. L. Maguire, St. Monica Home of Rest, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, who has selected as her prize 'A Modern Vanity Fair,' by Stephen Graham, published by Benn and reviewed in our columns, on August 15, by H. C. Harwood. Nine other competitors named this book, twenty-six chose 'Aphrodite in Aulis,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Ali, E. Barrett, Bobs, Boskerris, Fossil, George W. Miller, Lady Mottram, St. Ives.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, Miss Carter, J. Chambers, Clam, Maud Crowther, E. J. Fincham, Gay, Lilian, Mrs. Lole, Madge, Martha, Met, Mrs. Milne, N. O. Sellam, Penelope, Rand, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Tyro.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Bimbo, Bushman, D. L., Estela, Glamis, T. Hartland, Jeff, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, Shrub, Stucco, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson. All others more.

Light 4 baffled 33 solvers; Light 11, 14; Light 9, 4; Light 7, 2; Lights 10 and 12, 1.

ACROSTIC No. 487.—Correct: A. E.

ACROSTIC No. 488.—One Light Wrong: St. Ives.

OUR THIRTY-SIXTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Tenth Round the leaders are: A. E., Bobs, Madge, 3 points down. Ali, 4 down. E. Barrett, Carlton, Fossil, N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus, 5 down. A. de V. Blathwayt, Clam, Gay, St. Ives, Tyro, 6 points down.

## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

WHILE the City fully realizes that an acute financial position still exists, the tension has relaxed, and a more hopeful and confident feeling is now apparent. Action is at last to replace words. Steps are to be taken immediately to balance the Budget, and as it is recognized that the commerce and well-being not only of the British nation but a large part of the civilized world has been built up and rests upon a well-founded confidence in sterling, the new Government is to take whatever steps may be deemed necessary to justify the maintenance of that confidence unimpaired. Such is the official pronouncement, and in their laudable efforts to restore British credit, which has been so rudely shaken by recent happenings, the new Government will carry with it the full backing and goodwill not only of City men but of the whole business community. With the advent of the new Government the question of extending credits to the Bank of England for the purpose of maintaining sterling has naturally had to be considered, as it is fully realized that the whole question of international finance is linked up with national economy and Budget balancing efforts. The lead given by the Stock Exchange in deciding to re-open the "House" on Saturdays on and after September 19 is another indication of the desire of the City to do everything possible to restore confidence, while it emphasizes the necessity in these times for everyone to work a full week and to give of his best. It is not expected that any great volume of business will result, but the gesture is a sound one, and it is to be hoped it will be followed speedily by the whole business community.

## NEWCASTLE ELECTRIC

Any alteration in our fiscal policy must enormously benefit the heavy industries of the country, and with them the electric supply undertakings. The Newcastle-upon-Tyne Electric Supply Company serves nearly the whole of the industrial area of the North East coast, and its position is, therefore, well worth the consideration of investors. It has had a prosperous career and, despite the trade depression of recent times, has succeeded in increasing its profits each year for the last ten years with the one exception of the strike year, 1926. Since 1927 the Ordinary dividend has been 6 per cent., and there seems no reason to suppose that this rate of distribution cannot at least be maintained, and possibly increased as time goes on. At the annual meeting last March the chairman, in referring to the outlook, stated that the most encouraging feature was the continued development of the company's lighting and domestic business. As measured by the number of new customers of this class, he said, the progress made last year was very gratifying indeed, showing an increase of over 14,000 over those of the preceding year. Investors may therefore regard the shares as a thoroughly sound holding. The price is around 21s. 9d., and on a 6 per cent. dividend basis the yield works out at about 5½ per cent.

## HAY'S WHARF

Another attractive investment for those who want first-rate security is the 6 per cent. Preference share of The Proprietors of Hay's Wharf Limited. These shares are standing at around 23s., including about two months' accrued dividend, so that the yield is close on £5 5s. odd per cent. In addition to its wharf in Tooley Street, S.E., the company owns directly, or through subsidiaries, the whole of the capital of a number of haulage, wharfage, and lighterage concerns, among them being Pickfords Limited. Recent acquisitions have given the company an almost continuous frontage from above London Bridge to Tower Bridge.

The company also owns over 300 lighters and tugs and 1,500 motor and horse vehicles. Net profits for the year ended June last at £248,387 as compared with £229,097, and constituted a record in the history of the company. These profits were sufficient to cover Preference dividend requirements more than two and a half times. The position is of particular interest at the moment by reason of the fact that the Port of London Authority has announced its intention of promoting a Bill in the next session of Parliament to acquire the entire undertaking.

## ARGENTINE RAILS

The persistent weakness of the market for Argentine Railway securities is causing uneasiness among holders of the prior charge issue. Traffic receipts continue to decline, except in the case of the Central Argentine, and the Argentine Exchange Rate is still very depressed. These adverse factors are naturally disquieting to holders of the Ordinary stocks, which in turn reflect on the prior charges. At the same time, I think holders of the latter would be unwise to sacrifice their investments at the present levels. The market is suffering from the absence of buying support, but with any turn in the position, either of traffics or of the exchange, buyers would be attracted and prices would recover. Moreover, it should be borne in mind that these prior charge issues are for the most part very well covered by existing earnings, even allowing for the further decline so far this year, so that holders need not be alarmed at the position as it exists to-day. As many of these stocks are at present on a basis to yield from 6 per cent. upwards, they seem decidedly undervalued on intrinsic merits.

## INDIAN BANKING

The unsatisfactory conditions ruling in India are reflected in the report of the Imperial Bank, whose profits for the past half year at £409,047 are nearly £83,000 smaller than for the first half of 1930, and the dividend is lowered from 8 per cent. tax free to 6 per cent. tax free. This is the first time the Bank has had to reduce its dividend since it was formed in 1921. India has felt the full force of the world's economic blizzard, and this, coupled with the political agitation, the directors state, "has increased our financial difficulties, inducing very considerable flights from the rupee and entailing drastic management of currency."

## CHILEAN BONDS

The official announcement of the suspension of Chile's external debt service came as a shock to holders of Chilean Government bonds, and a precipitate fall in prices quickly ensued. A more reassuring statement has since been published, which deals with the economic situation in Chile and the measures that are being taken by the Chilean Government, whereby it is hoped to resume debt service as early as possible. It is a pity this statement was not made when the suspension of the debt service was decided upon, as it would doubtless have prevented the heavy selling which the original announcement brought about. Fundamentally, the country is sound, and, in view of the efforts that are being made to bring about financial equilibrium, holders of Chilean bonds will be well advised to await developments before parting with their investments. "The Government trusts," the official statement says, "that its foreign creditors will comprehend the true economic and financial situation of the country, and the efforts that are being made to overcome her difficulties, and that they will look on the situation as a passing one which, although involving as it does an immediate sacrifice for them, conserves the security of their more permanent interests."

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